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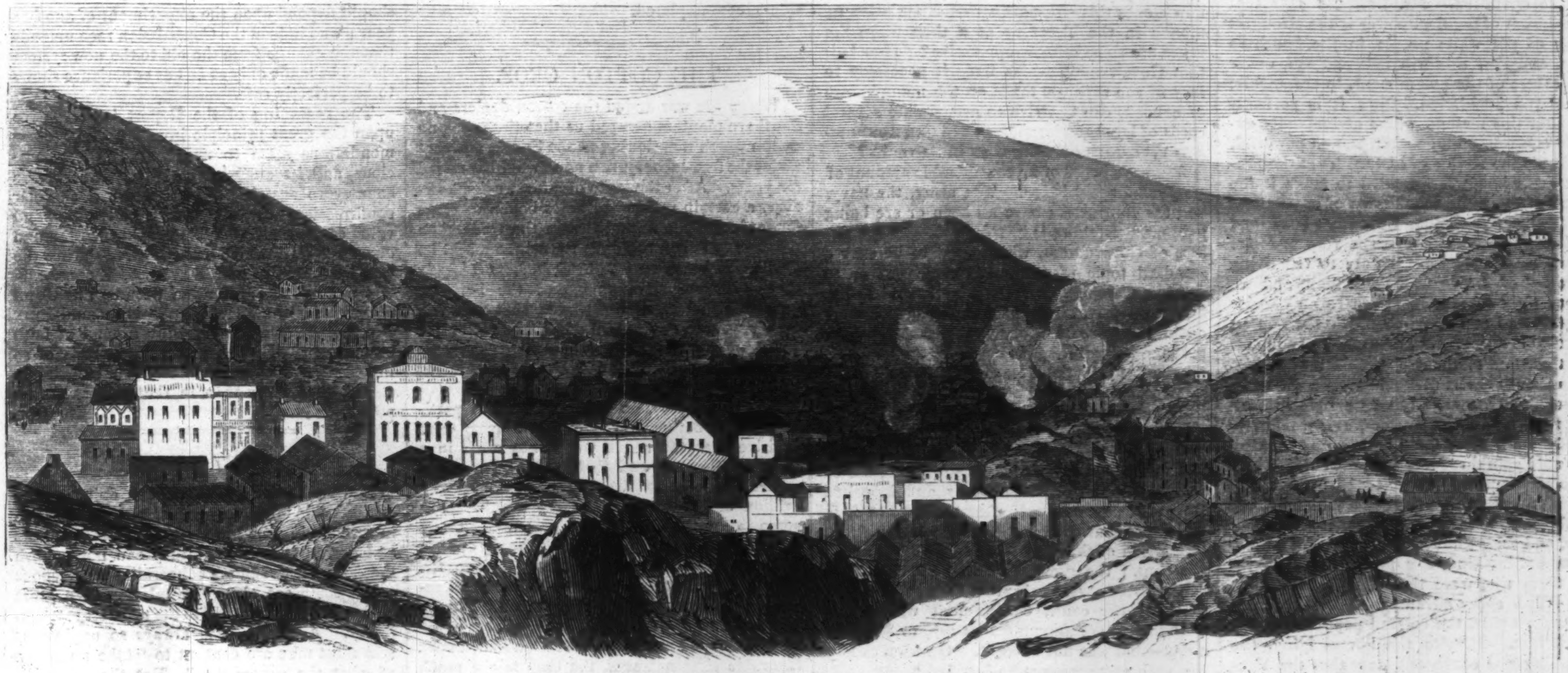
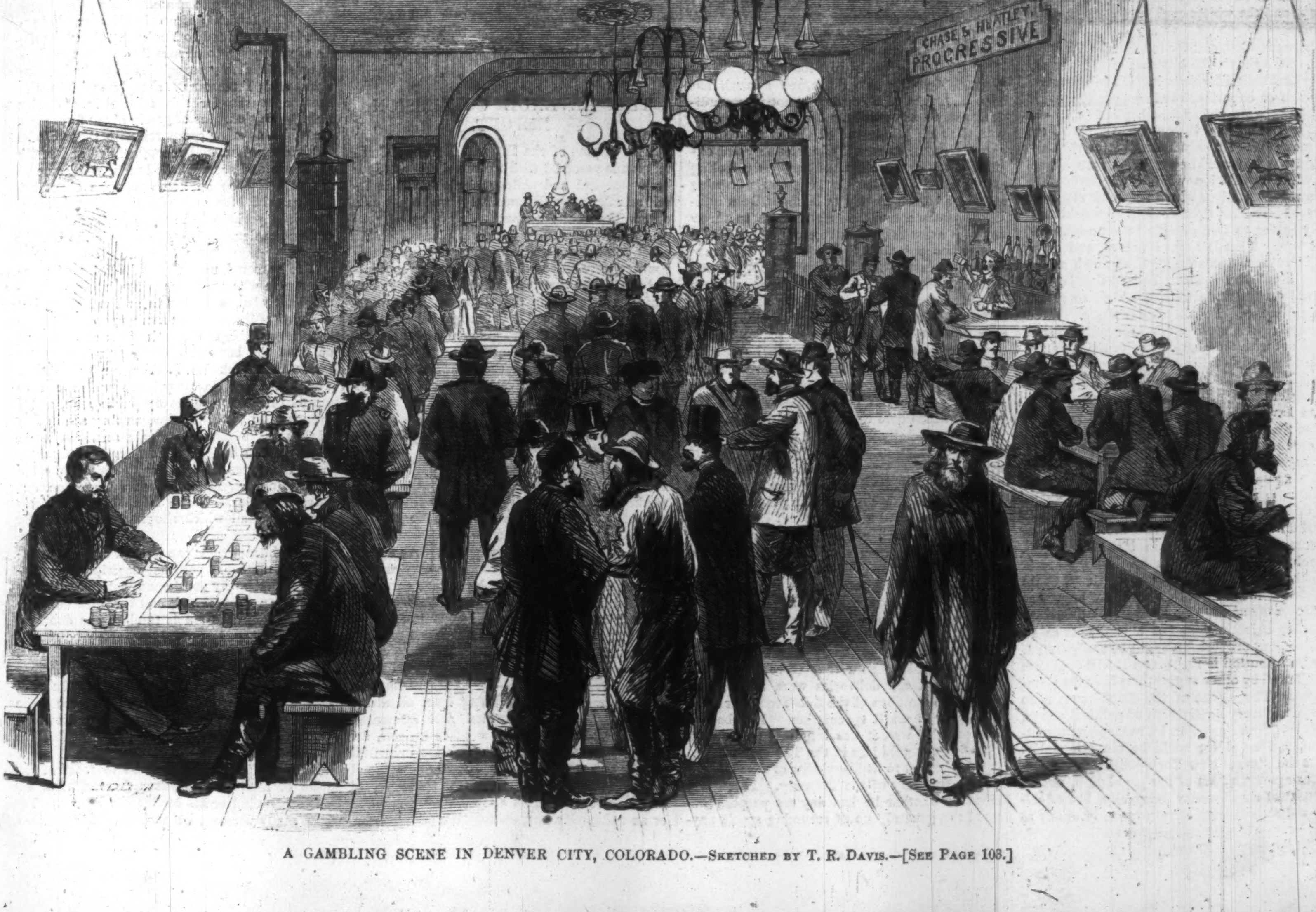


CENTRAL CITY, COLORADO.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]



A GAMBLING SCENE IN DENVER CITY, COLORADO.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 103.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1866.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

THE Amendment to the Constitution, of which we spoke last week, has been passed by a triumphant majority in the House. Of course our view of its adequacy to obtain unaided the special result sought is unchanged, but as one of a series of measures designed to secure certain indispensable ends—which is probably the truer light in which to regard it—it may yet appear to be wise. If, for instance, as Mr. Stevens urges, this is all that the country will now bear, while the discussions and delays consequent upon its passage will educate the public mind to further essential measures, the objections to it as an independent proposition will disappear.

But lest any one should be inclined to think this sole amendment enough, let us look at its probable operation. Mr. Stevens says that the ambition of political power is the strongest feeling of the white people in the Southern States, and that this will induce them, under the pressure of the amendment, to enfranchise the colored population. Now it is perfectly clear that this feeling, which undoubtedly exists, is controlled by another just as powerful, and that is the feeling of caste. That the proposed amendment is intended to make it the interest of the white inhabitants of every State to overcome this feeling we do not deny, and that it may ultimately do so is very possible. But we have a very plain duty to the living generation of the colored population, and we have no right to sacrifice them to an ulterior advantage. Let us see, then, what would be the probable operation of this sole amendment.

In the State of South Carolina the population is about equally divided between the white and colored citizens. Let us suppose that it has now three representatives, and would lose one of them if the colored basis were excluded, and would gain three if it were counted. There are no people who know better than the whites of South Carolina that the colored men are not born fools. Their instincts are as good as other men's, and their knowledge, if not of the reading and writing kind, was quite sufficient to inform them who were their friends in the late war. With every advantage apparently upon the master's side, the colored population were against him. Despite the liberal lying, the unblushing and consistent story that the Yankees were coming to sell them to Cuba, or that they would be left to starve and freeze; despite the insane orders of Halleck and M'Clellan, which were the most convincing apparent proof of the truth of such representations, the colored population believed in the Yankees with an unshaken faith; the name of "LINKUM" was as sweet to their hearts as that of liberty, and the whites could not coax or drive the blacks to fight for them.

The war ended, and for ten months the same whites have shown the bitterest hostility to the blacks, and both sides know it. On what ground of reason or experience is it supposed that, if the blacks were enfranchised, whether by the State or the Nation, they would vote with the late masters? Nobody knows better than the whites that they would not. Why, then, should the white population wish to neutralize the three representatives whom they now elect and control? Rather than do it they would infinitely prefer to lose one that they might still have two. That is human nature, and especially Southern human nature, as much as the desire of political power. Indeed that is what the whites would do if they wished to retain political power. For they know that the three supposed representatives upon the colored basis would act with the liberal party of the country, while the three of the white basis would ally themselves to the Democratic or Tory party. As sagacious men, therefore, they would prefer to have two voices for their own purposes rather than no voice at all. And how could we excuse ourselves for having delivered the freedmen into the hands of the whites upon the plea that we thought we had devised a method of inducing the latter to be just? Mr. Beecher deprecates rigor in the treatment of the Southern States; but, unless the report misrepresents him, he said in his Philadelphia speech at the Freedmen's Anniversary Meeting, that the one point upon which he could not trust the white Southern brethren was their treatment of the colored population.

Other objections to the amendment as an independent proposition might be easily stated. But its intention is right, and it will doubtless be followed by other suggestions from the Committee. The object of the amendment is to punish arbitrary deprivation of political power, based upon race or color, by reduced representation, and no object could be more laudable. Thus the State of New York politically discriminates against a part of her population, not on account of ignorance or incapacity, but of color; a discrimination as outrageously unfair as if it were based upon bodily height or weight. The amendment will exclude that part of the population from being reckoned in the basis of representation. It may, indeed, be so distributed in the various districts as not to affect the whole number of representatives, but any national act imposing a penalty upon the indulgence in so unmanly and demoralizing a prejudice will hasten a reform. Meanwhile the colored voter in the State will not be deprived of his vote, and he will be very sure to cast that vote for the men and measures which will soonest make the organic law of the State conform to common-sense and equal rights.

A PREPOSTEROUS BALANCE.

THE balance in the Sub-Treasury, on the evening of January 31, was about $105,000,000, of which over half was gold and silver coin. This is a larger balance than could be shown by any other civilized government in the world. It is considerably more than our whole annual national expenditure used to be before the war. It is nearly one-third of our whole annual national expenditure now. The question arises, how comes this extraordinary accumulation of money in the Treasury at a time when the taxes are so extremely oppressive? How is it that Government, which finds it necessary to levy fifteen separate taxes on the manufacture of a book, can contrive to accumulate several cords of legal-tender money, and ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE TONS OF GOLD COIN in its vaults?

We have heard of no considerable amount of suspended requisitions. The army, the navy, and the contractors have all been or are being paid off. Nothing is heard now about the delays of Government, which used to be such a standard topic of denunciation a year or so since. Congress is "shutting down" pretty firmly on private claims for damages arising out of the war. Under the circumstances, the revenue being in fact in excess of the expenditure, what does the Treasury do with a balance of $105,000,000?

If we examine in detail the accounts of the Treasury Department we shall find that on the day on which this extraordinary balance was shown the Government held $114,000,000 of money belonging to individuals, and deposited in the Treasury on call after ten days at 4, 5, and 6 per cent. interest. A very insignificant proportion of this money was drawing 4 and 5 per cent.; the great bulk was drawing 6 per cent. interest. Assuming that the whole amount drew 5½ per cent., Government was paying $6,270,000 per annum for its use, or $17,500 a day—and was not using it. On what theory can such extravagance be justified?

If a Funding loan is to be placed on the market in this month of February, and the deposit certificates are to be received in payment for the bonds at par and interest, one might perhaps understand the squandering of $100,000 a week for a few weeks in the payment of interest on money that is not wanted, and lies idle in the Treasury. Otherwise there is no excuse for such mismanagement; and before Congress commits to Mr. M'Culloch the exorbitant powers granted by the Ways and Means bill, it may be well for some member to ascertain why this $100,000 a week has been wasted? The country is not in a condition to waste any money. Though the people, with their old whole-souled obedience to law, are paying taxes steadily just as they are exacted of them, there is none the less a feeling among all classes that Government is drawing at least as much money as it ought from individual pockets, and it is an outrage to throw any of it away through errors of policy.

Another point. Of the Treasury balance shown on 1st February about $52,000,000 were in coin. What did the Government want with all this gold if no immediate attempt was to be made to resume specie payments? For over a week gold has been so scarce in this city that $\frac{1}{8}$ @ $\frac{3}{16}$ of 1 per cent. have been paid for its use for a single day. This scarcity has not been occasioned by any export of coin—for exchange has ruled steadily below the point at which coin can be profitably exported; it has been wholly due to the withdrawal from general circulation of over fifty million dollars by the Treasury Department. It need hardly be explained that coin once received at the United States Sub-Treasuries is practically lost to commerce until it is disbursed. So long as it remains in the banks it can be loaned out or used in any way that is required. Once in the Sub-Treasury it might just as well be at the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico, so far as any benefit to trade is concerned. During the year 1865 Government sold its surplus gold as fast as it accumulated in the Treasury vaults. The sales were injudicious; they were secret; no one could be sure that Government was selling until the deliveries were made; and thus the operations of the Sub-Treasurer were the basis of much speculation. But bad as this practice was, it was infinitely better than hoarding the gold idly in the Treasury vaults.

We pretend to no knowledge of the purposes of the Secretary of the Treasury. It is questionable whether he has any set purpose beyond the general one of resuming specie payments as soon as he can. It may be his scheme to accumulate gold enough in the Sub-Treasury to resume specie payments suddenly, in which case the national banks and most of the merchants would incontinently break. In his report he avowed his desire for a gradual resumption. In this event, it is difficult to see why he absorbs all the floating gold of the country in the Sub-Treasuries, and thus renders it easy for speculators for the rise to keep up the price.

For many months the course of the Treasury Department has led financiers to suspect that it was "adrift." No great mistakes have been made. But there has been an obvious absence of direct policy in one specific direction. General Grant and President Johnson have kept down the price of gold, and the cotton growers of the South have settled the balance of trade. It is possible that matters have been as well managed thus as they would have been if Secretary M'Culloch had interfered at every juncture and attempted to control the spheres. But there is surely a limit to "masterly inactivity." It is surely not masterly to pay 6 or 5 per cent. per annum for money that is not wanted, or to create a scarcity of gold by piling up a hundred tons of coin in the Sub-Treasury before resumption is contemplated.

THE COTTON CROP.

WHEN the war ended the cotton dealers and Southern planters assured us that there was no cotton worth mentioning at the South, and that under the free-labor system none would be raised for years. After the lapse of a few weeks, however, a certain number of bales began to come forward, and the authorities in the trade then reluctantly began to admit that there might be 1,250,000 bales on hand. We have already received more than this, and the best-informed circulars now estimate that not less than 2,500,000 bales will come forward before 1st September—worth, at present prices, 50 per cent. more than the largest crop ever raised in this country.

Again, until within a few weeks, the partisans of the defunct institution of Slavery were positive that the negro would not work in a state of freedom, and that many many years would elapse before even so small a crop as a million bales was raised at the South. For some weeks this theory has been exploded, and it has begun to be admitted that the crop of 1866 will be 1,500,000 bales. A fortnight since, the best-informed authorities, after a careful examination of the area of land that was likely to be planted, and of the amount of labor that could be relied on, came to the conclusion that, under favorable circumstances, the crop might reach 2,500,000 bales. And now the trade seem agreed that, if no accident happens, we may have a crop exceeding 3,000,000 bales.

Two results will follow. In the first place, the price of cotton must fall, and with it the price of cotton goods which have been selling at exorbitant prices. And, secondly, our friends in Europe will find it much more difficult to pay us for the cotton we shall send them, and with which they can not dispense, than we shall to pay them for the goods we are importing.

THE REVENUE COMMISSION REPORT.

THE Report of the Internal Revenue Commission is received with universal favor. It is both practical and philosophical, and is in itself an admirable illustration of one of its own observations—the advantage, namely, of putting the right men in the right places. If all other commissions for all other purposes in this country were filled with men who were peculiarly fitted for the work; if all the degrees and varieties of office in the Government Departments were occupied by men trained for their duties, the economy and efficiency of the Government would be incalculably increased. Fortunately, the choice for the peculiarly arduous undertaking of investigating the confusion of the present Revenue system, and of recommending one which should be at once comprehensive, simple, and effective, fell upon those who were signally competent.

The Report is written in the plainest and most intelligible style, and without a single weakening touch of rhetoric. It finds fault with the extreme diffuseness of the present system, producing a paralyzing reduplication of taxes, and consequent high prices. As a most striking illustration it presents the very case of the book manufacture, which we have earnestly exposed in these columns, and that of umbrellas; and it recommends a repeal of all excise duties upon printed publications.

But this is in accord with the principle which the Report considers should be fundamental in a wise revenue system—an entire exemption of all manufacturing industry from all direct taxation, excepting distilled and fermented liquors, tobacco, and a few other articles, for the reason that such taxes check the industrial development, which is the producer of national wealth. The Report proposes, therefore, to draw the revenue from a few sources; and after an exhaustive and unexaggerated survey of those sources, it estimates an aggregate revenue for the year ending June 30, 1867, of $367,000,000, about two-thirds of which are to be derived from customs, distilled spirits, fermented liquors, tobacco and its manufactures, cotton, coal oil, and spirits of turpentine and resin. The other third will be derived from licenses, incomes, salaries, banks, stamps, gross receipts, sales, legacies, and successions, with miscellaneous receipts. Adding to this sum the amount derived in 1865 from the taxes on industry, the gross revenue possible under the present rates, with the proposed amendments, would be $435,000,000. Then allowing $16,000,000 increase in the estimates of the Secretary of the Treasury for the year ending June 30, 1867, which will make $300,000,000, and setting aside $50,000,000 for the reduction of the principal of the national debt, there will remain a surplus, assuming the estimates to be correct, of $85,000,000 for the reduction of taxation.

The recommendations of the Report for immediate action relate exclusively to the reduction of the present excessive duplication of taxes, which would not seriously impair the revenue. The adoption of further reduction should depend upon the experiment of another year; and indeed the Commission recommends that the change from the old to the new system should be made only so fast as experience shows to be perfectly safe.

The reasoning of the Report is conclusive upon the great principle involved: its recommendations seem to us generally most judicious, and its exposition of the power of the country to sustain its burden are a singular confirmation of the substantial correctness and value of the little pamphlet, "Our Burden and our Strength," which was prepared during the war by Commissioner David A. Wells; and which gave to our foreign friends, like John Stuart Mill, and Richard Cobden, and John Bright, a new and surprising ground of faith in our success. The present Report is of so universal and vital an interest, and so simply stated, that every man in the country should ponder it.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. A. T. STEWART has been doing a very disagreeable but a very necessary public service in summoning the law to notify certain editors and correspondents that they can not publish the defamatory rumors concerning conspicuous men, which are always circulating in a great city, without being held to the strictest responsibility. A libel suit is always so unpleasant that most men are content to "take no notice of what the 'papers say." But the substance of many of the letters written from New York to newspapers in various parts of the country is personal gossip; and the temptation to seize a shining mark and regale the country with "spicy" scandal is found to be very irresistible. The habit has been growing into an intolerable nuisance which Mr. Stewart's decided action will tend radically to abate.

But this fondness of gossip about noted persons is not confined to Yankees. Foreign critics are very apt to accuse American travelers of unpardonable personalities in their descriptions, and Thackeray sharply satirizes the Yankee tourist for this offense in "Vanity Fair." But our sins of gossip about foreigners are white as snow compared with those of the foreigners, often well recommended and really agreeable and accomplished men, who come to see us and then go home to write about us. Their "trivial fond records" show that there is, especially perhaps in France, another standard of true gentlemanly conduct than in the United States.

The personal memoirs and diaries of sagacious men who are thrown into interesting society are always agreeable and valuable; but the kind of literature known as personal gossip is as respectable as the tittle-tattle of the kitchen or of the bar-room, and can really gratify tastes that look no further for enjoyment. There are certain proprieties which are as sacred in the case of every public man, whatever may be his distinction, as they are in that of the most private individual; and it is just as impertinent a folly to tell us how often General Grant changes his collar as to make the same interesting revelation about an unimportant private soldier. There is a kind of strictly personal detail which should be reserved for biography.

No arbitrary rules can be laid down to regulate contemporary personal descriptions in literature, but every gentleman instinctively feels when they are violated, and the inevitable effect of their violation is to close the doors of those whose society would naturally be sought with curiosity by foreigners as well as natives. Besides, it concerns the honor of the literary guild that every man who holds a pen shall not by the frequent misuse of the pen come to be considered a bravo who may whip out his weapon at any moment and transfix you before the world.

The public are not entitled to more of the time of any man, however famous, than his duties demand or his inclination allows. Yet how many persons, because they delight in a poet's poetry, for instance, do not hesitate to consume his time in tyrannical visits of curiosity, from which it is not always easy for him to extricate himself. He is forced to seem churlish when he is merely asserting that his house is his castle. Of course he will not seem so to those who wish to offer the homage of sympathy and respect, even if he does seclude himself. They will understand that if he would do his work he can not always be the host of strangers, however kindly may be the mutual feeling.

But that American travelers have a peculiar relish for seeing or describing notable persons, or that our descriptions peculiarly transcend the fair bounds of such literature, we can not believe. Cousins Johnny Bull and Crapeau are even more addicted to gossip than we. A fine observer who is a gentleman will paint portraits in his travels with the most delicate hand, as **Emerson** does in describing **Landor** and **Carlyle**. But a traveler with the spirit of an admiring barber will confound fair and unfair details in a huge swash of gossip.

And how they might be paid off in their own coin! An indignant gentleman was speaking of a really cultivated and eminent foreigner who had the most desirable introductions in this country; and when he returned wrote about our most conspicuous men. "He staid with my friend X," said the indignant gentleman, "and in his book he spoke of his personal habits. I should like to speak of *his* personal habits, and I would inform the world that this prodigious critic allowed himself one shirt a week. On Sunday morning it was clean. Then his waistcoat and coat were thrown fully open. On Monday the waistcoat was closed a little. On Tuesday a little more. On Wednesday the ends of the cravat were suffered to appear over the bosom. On Thursday they quite overspread it. On Friday the waistcoat closed up entirely. On Saturday there was nothing but cravat to be seen. On Sunday there was the full effulgence of the clean shirt again, coat and waistcoat generously thrown open, and an imperceptible cravat.

No man can defend himself against the ingenious ridicule of an author, or from his well-meaning absurdity. But when the criticism or description descends to the most odious and unclean charges, if he refuses to endure it and invokes the law, he puts every lover of public decency under obligation.

Mr. STEVENS'S RHETORIC.

In the first reports of Mr. **Stevens**'s speech before the vote was taken upon the Amendment there were several allusions to the President which were the grossest insults. The speaker was said by the papers to have called the President "the pundit at the other end of the avenue," and "the man at the other end of the avenue;" and every decent reader was disgusted. But in the later reports it seems that the expression was "high authority at the other end of the avenue introduced through an unusual *conduit*"—the latter word being evidently mistaken by the reporters.

Yet while this correction is made the foolish sarcasm is still plain enough. "We shall not trouble President **Johnson** by sending him this Amendment, if it should be passed by Congress, because it is not necessary to submit it to him for his approval." And again: "We do not send it to him and ask his opinion about it, and therefore it was all the more kind in him to send us his opinion without being asked for it." The folly of such talk under the circumstances is incredible. There may be times when sarcasm is wise; but if Mr. **Stevens** is of opinion that this is the time when sarcasm directed against the President is useful in the speeches of the President's party in Congress, it is but another proof of his singular incapacity as a leader.

Mr. **Stevens** would justify his remarks by repeating what he said in his speech, that the reported conversation of the President with a Senator was an attempt to coerce Congress, and that similar conduct in other countries would have cost a king his head. Mr. **Stevens** is ardent and rhetorical; but as the members of Congress are constantly going to the White House and talking with the President, who freely states his views, we can not see the enormity of his conduct in expressing his private opinion upon the subjects of which his opinion is asked. If, however, the matter be a grave one, and then under discussion in Congress, we may regret that peculiar publicity should be given to the conversation. But it is surely unnecessary to give the worst interpretation to the incident. The President must be a much duller man than even the Democratic journals and orators declare him to be, if he does not know that the infallible way of insuring the passage of a measure which he disapproves is the mere appearance of an attempt to coerce Congress. That would be the most unpardonable insult which could be offered to the people of the United States; and the assumption of such an attempt, except upon the plainest grounds, would be an equal insult to the President. He may think, as he is reported to have said, that legislation upon suffrage in the District of Columbia is untimely and unwise; but as he knows that Congress is the supreme and only Legislature of the District, it by no means follows that he would think it a timely or wise act to veto an overwhelming expression of its will.

The course of Mr. **Stevens** invites a quarrel between those whom time and mature deliberation might readily harmonize, and must therefore be deprecated by all thoughtful men. "Let us be practical," he said to Mr. **Schenck**, in asking him to yield a favorite plan. Certainly, let us be practical. Let us also be firm and clear-sighted. Let us not betray any interest confided to us, and not be hood-winked or seduced. But let us also understand that honest men may honestly differ, and that the height of folly is to insist upon the alienation of those whose union is essential to success.

MAGNANIMITY AND CONCILIATION.

In his late speech Mr. **Raymond** said that he "would exclude from Federal office the leading actors in the conspiracy which led to the rebellion in every State;" and then added: "The courage and devotion on either side, which made it [the contest] so terrible and so long, no longer owe a divided duty, but have become the common property of the American name, the priceless possession of the American Republic through all time to come. The dead of the contending hosts sleep beneath the soil of a common country, and under the folds of its common flag. Their hostilities are hushed, and they are the dead of the nation for evermore."

But surely if the rebel dead, who died, so to speak, in their sins, are worthy of this tender national regard, it would be very hard in the nation politically to disable forever the rebel living who may truly repent. For instance: **Wise** of Virginia, **Keitt** of South Carolina, **Cobb** of Georgia, and **Barksdale** of Mississippi, were "leading actors in the conspiracy which led to the rebellion." They all took up arms. **Keitt** and **Barksdale** were killed; **Cobb** and **Wise** survive. Now if **Keitt** and **Barksdale** are to be considered "the dead of the nation," why, in the name of fair play, are **Wise** and **Cobb** to be dishonored and disfranchised by the nation? If two men engage in a criminal undertaking, and one is killed in the act and the other escapes, how can a nation be considered sincere in respecting the "courage and devotion" of the fallen if it stigmatizes the survivor? The sincerity and bravery of many of the Colonial Tories who fought against their fellow-countrymen in the Revolution were unquestionable; but we are not aware that they were ever considered the "priceless possessions" of the country. We trust that moral confusion is not essential to magnanimity, nor stultification to conciliation.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

The coincidence of the appearance of the cholera and of the cattle plague is remarkable, and it is striking that no effectual prevention is yet discovered for either. The loss of stock in Great Britain is already so great that the most earnest attention is given to the subject, and while Commissions are investigating and advising, the whole history of the subject is faithfully explored.

It appears that the cattle plague, from Pharaoh's "grievous murrain" down to our time, has been constantly known, and during the ninth century it was especially severe. The armies of Charlemagne with their necessary supplies, strewing whole countries with decaying carcasses, are held responsible for the pestilence at that time, as armies are responsible for some other of the fearful scourges of humanity. The *North British Review*, which contains an interesting paper upon the subject, says that the wars of the eighteenth century, also, generated the cattle plague, and that in the three years, from 1711 to 1714, 1,500,000 cattle died of it in Western Europe. It lasted seven years in Italy, and Holland, in ten years, lost more than 200,000 cattle. In eight years after the death of Charles VI. three millions of cattle died of the plague in Central and Western Europe. Between 1745 and 1758 at least 500,000 were destroyed by the disease in Great Britain; and the *Review* says that no method of cure tried in [illegible] was not tried in 1745 and found wanting. It is computed that during the eighteenth century, from 1711 to 1796, more than 200,000,000 of horned cattle were swept away by the plague in Western Europe.

The result of research and comparison is, that the pest proceeds from the steppes of European Russia. The lower part of the Dnieper is bordered by Russian provinces which breed some 8,000,000 cattle, among which the plague always prevails. The stock sent from these steppes to Polish and Austrian markets introduce the disease, which then penetrates Europe. The neighboring countries struggle to keep out these herds. Prussia destroys even birds and dogs that might convey the plague, but when it is smuggled in it is trampled out wherever it appears. Austria is not so rigorous or so successful. It is supposed that 100,000 infected cattle pass yearly into Hungary and Galicia, and in the former country it is now destroying sheep as well as horned beasts. The Hungarian cattle known as Dutch beasts are often seen in the London markets, and they are supposed to have brought the present plague into England.

The disease is apparently very contagious. Dogs, sheep, pigeons, hens which have pecked among the affected cattle; the attendants on the sick beasts; ponds and streams into which sheds of diseased animals have been drained; high winds and public roads along which the herds have been driven—all retain and convey the deadly virus. The disease appears in five or seven days after the poison is taken into the system; and although upon the steppes inoculation has checked the disease, it fails to arrest it elsewhere until it has coursed through seven or eight beasts; and it is remarked that the pestilence increases in intensity and fatality as it spreads northward.

The British Commission appointed to investigate the subject have decided that the only way to arrest the spread of the disease is to prohibit the movement of cattle, thus confining the ravages to one district. It is in accordance with this conclusion that Mr. **Wentworth**, of Illinois, introduced his bill into Congress forbidding the present importation of cattle. The latest accounts from England make the loss at the present time, in consequence of the plague, about 10,000 a week. An efficient and universal act of prohibition of import during the rage of the pestilence would doubtless save our own stock from its ravages, and it is the interest of the whole country that such an act should be stringently enforced.

THE CITY HEALTH BILL.

Senator White, of the Onondaga District in this State, was one of the Committee appointed last year by the Senate to investigate our municipal affairs; and the curious and interesting knowledge he then acquired he has lately made effective in a remarkable speech in the Senate upon the Health Bill. In the course of his remarks he spoke of the enormous number of subordinate officers now employed in that Department under its present partisan auspices. He read the names of some of these officers, and said that it seemed to be a prerequisite to such an appointment that every man should be a liquor dealer by profession and an Irishman by descent. Their ignorance, he said, was amazing. All the officers brought before the Committee—and it will be remembered that these are the persons to whom the care of the public health is now confided—were asked if they understood Hygienics. Some were of opinion that they had it bad in some quarters; some thought it did not prevail much; and one officer told the Committee that Hygienics was the bad smell that arose from stagnant water! It is matter of devout public gratitude that at least one of the guardians of the municipal health knew that stagnant water does not smell sweetly.

Senator **White** did not claim that his own party would manage the Health Department altogether better than that which is now responsible for it, although he might have safely urged that it could not manage it worse. But he is reported to have said that very much of the shameless swindle of the present Health system was due to its partisan character, and he most forcibly opposed making the one proposed a party machine. The opponents of the bill, as reported, claim that it is merely an extension of the power of the Police Commission, and through that of a certain political faction. But it is pretty clear that the objection comes from those who would not oppose the bill if it gave their own friends the ascendency. And meanwhile we shall be glad if so imperatively necessary a measure as the reported bill should become a law before these words are printed.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 30:

In the Senate, a joint resolution was adopted, authorizing the payment of $10,000 to defray the expenses of the Committee of Fifteen.—Mr. Doolittle offered a resolution which was adopted, calling upon the President for a copy of the report of General Sherman of his observations in the States within his department in his recent tour of inspection.—Mr. Trumbull, from the Judiciary Committee, reported that John C. Stockton, of New Jersey, had been duly elected Senator, and was entitled to a seat from the 4th of March, 1865.—There was a long debate on the Civil Rights bill.

In the House, the Constitutional Amendment on representation and taxation was recommitted to the Committee of Fifteen without instructions.—A resolution was agreed to instructing the Committee on Claims to reject all claims referred to them for examination by citizens of any of the States lately in rebellion until otherwise ordered.

January 31:

In the Senate, a joint resolution of Thanks to Admiral Farragut and his men was adopted.

In the House, a new rule was adopted forbidding the use of the Hall of Representatives for any other than legislative purposes.—Mr. Stevens, from the Committee of Fifteen, reported back the Constitutional Amendment relating to representation. As thus reported, the amendment has no allusion to taxation. It reads as follows: "Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed, provided whenever the elective franchise shall be denied or abridged in any State on account of race or color, all persons therein of such race or color shall be excluded from the basis of representation." The resolution to submit this amendment to the States was adopted, 120 to 46. Messrs. Hale, Davis, Raymond, Eliot, Baldwin, Jenckes, and other Union members voted in the negative, not because opposed to the principle, but because they objected to its present shape, and to the power exercised by the Committee in reporting it.

February 1:

In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull's amendment to the bill of Civil Rights was adopted, 31 to 10. The amendment declares all persons born in the United States not subject to foreign Powers, except Indians not taxed, to be citizens of the United States without distinction on account of color.

In the House, the bill was passed providing that no ship originally registered as an American vessel, and which during the rebellion sailed under a foreign flag, shall be deemed or registered as an American vessel, except by special provision of Congress. According to the statement of the Secretary of the Treasury, 800,000 tons had been transferred to foreign flags during the war, leaving [illegible] tons in the hands of our citizens, and we are now in want of vessels to do our carrying trade on the ocean.

February 2:

In the Senate, Mr. Saulsbury offered an amendment to the bill of Civil Rights, making the right to vote an exception. The amendment was rejected by a vote of 39 against 7. The bill was then passed—33 to 12. The bill is very similar in its provisions to some of the sections in the bill for enlarging the Freedmen's Bureau.

In the House, nearly the whole session was occupied in debate on the question of reconsidering the vote allowing Mr. Brooks's evidence in the case of the election contested between him and Mr. Dodge to go before the Committee. The motion to reconsider was withdrawn.

February 3:

The Senate was not in session.

In the House, a somewhat excited discussion took place on the bill for the enlargement of the Freedmen's Bureau.

February 5:

In the Senate, the Constitutional Amendment in regard to representation came up. Mr. Sumner occupied nearly the whole session in a speech upon a substitute for the Amendment, the provisions of the substitute being that in the lately rebellious States "there shall be no oligarchy, aristocracy, caste, or monopoly, invested with peculiar privileges and powers, and there shall be no denial of rights, civil or political, on account of color or race; but all persons shall be equal before the laws, whether in the court-room or at the ballot box; and this statute, made in pursuance of the Constitution, shall be the supreme law of the land, any thing in the Constitution or laws of any such State to the contrary notwithstanding." Mr. Sumner objected to the proposed amendment as a compromise of human rights, and as inflicting taxation, directly or indirectly, where there was no representation. He thought Congress had it in its power to make the rights of all men equal before the law. He predicted the horrors of San Domingo as in store for us if we denied the political franchise to the negro.

In the House, several amendments to the Constitution were offered and referred to the Judiciary Committee. There was some debate on the Freedmen's Bureau bill, but no action was taken.

NEWS ITEMS.

We have received letters from General Lamothe, the Haytian General, dated at St. Thomas, from which it appears that he was treated in a very arbitrary manner by the English authorities. We have no space, however, to spare for the details. The telegram announcing his execution at Jamaica was a canard.

The steamer *Miami*, bound from Memphis for Arkansas River, when six miles above the mouth of the Arkansas, January 30, exploded her boilers, burned, and sunk. One hundred and fifty lives were lost, including the clerk of the boat and a portion of Company B, Thirteenth United States Cavalry.

The steamer *Missouri* exploded January 30, opposite Robertson's saw-mill, half a mile below the mouth of Green River. About 100 lives were lost.

Lieutenant-General Grant has contributed the sum of $5000 to aid in the erection of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, Washington.

The report of Mr. Craven, Engineer of the Croton Aqueduct Board, makes strong objections to the proposed Underground Railroad on Broadway. It has caused much sensation among the friends of the projected enterprise, although they anticipated somewhat the character of the document. There is no disguising the fact that the report is a serious blow to the underground project, but means may be found to overcome it.

Herschell V. Johnson was, on January 30, elected United States Senator from Georgia by the Legislature of that State, Mr. A. H. Stevens not allowing his name to be used.

Commissioner Cooley, of the Indian Bureau, accompanied a delegation from the Choctaw, Chickasaw, Cherokee, Creek, Seminole, and Ottowa tribes of Indians to the President's mansion February 1, whither they went for the purpose of having an interview with him. Their representions were favorable to peace. The Cherokees were present in two delegations—a loyal and disloyal. The latter expressed its gratification at being able to communicate with the President.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Fenianism is not dead yet in Ireland. The city and county of Dublin, the county of Tipperary, and the county and city of Waterford have been proclaimed under martial law. This proclamation makes it a misdemeanor, punishable by two years' imprisonment, with or without hard labor, for any person to carry or have, except in his dwelling-house, arms or ammunition of any description in any of the proclaimed districts. The *London Shipping Gazette* says that London is no safer than Dublin. "The late great fire in St. Katherine's Dock was always believed to be the work of an incendiary, and common rumor now asserts the criminal's political creed was summed up in the word Fenian. A repetition of this catastrophe in the Custom-house and the government offices in Somerset House is dreaded by the authorities, and extra divisions of police are consequently sent in to patrol the buildings by night."

The Paris *Presse* of January 19 announces that Baron Sallard left Paris on the 15th for the purpose of making necessary arrangements with the Emperor Maximilian for the return of the French troops from Mexico at the earliest possible date. The Emperor was to open the Chambers on the 22d, and there was much speculation as to the precise position which the Emperor would assume on the Mexican question.

General Prim's Spanish insurrection does not appear to have assumed any very intelligible phase as yet. It was still asserted that Prim was retreating to Portugal.

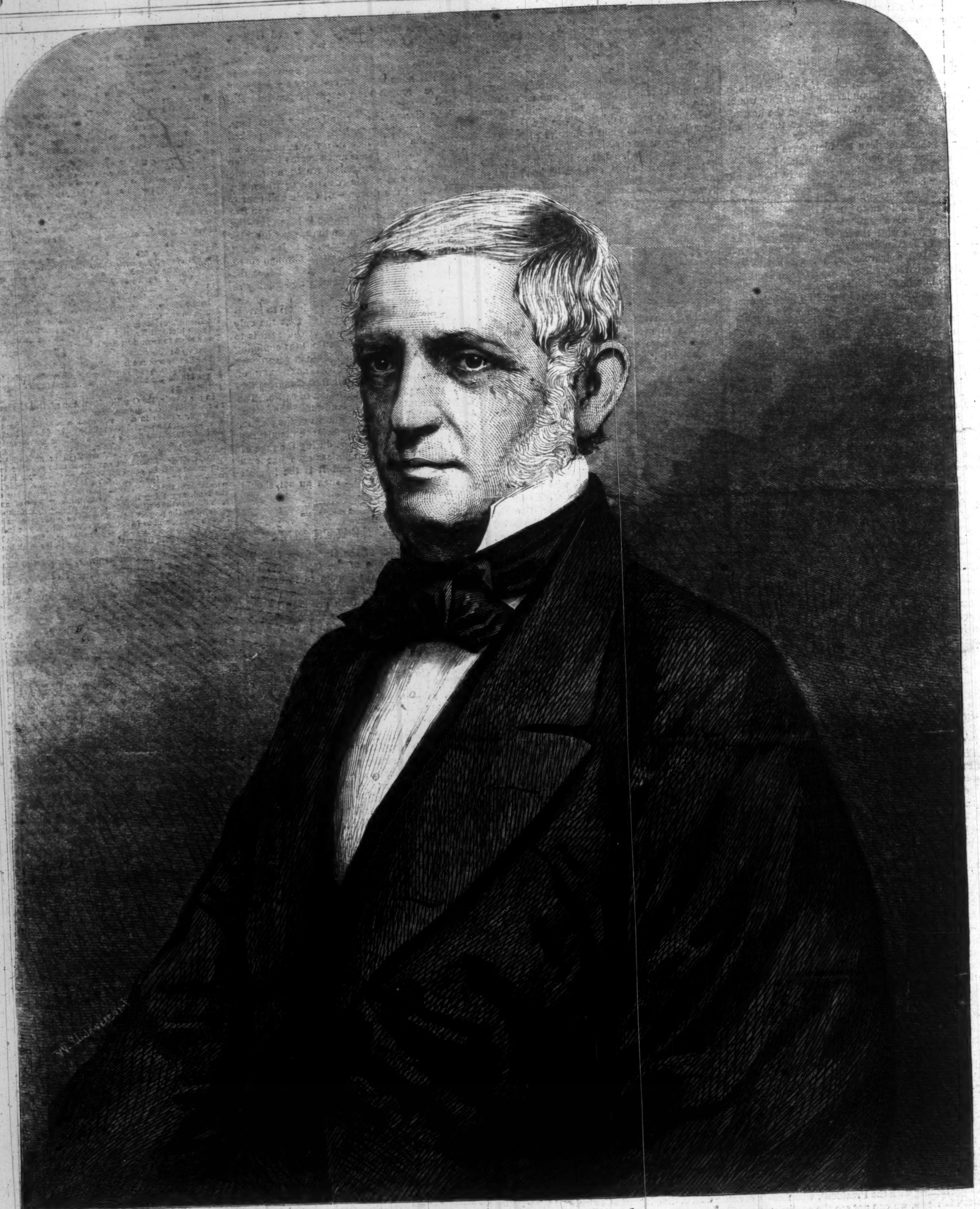
The Russian Government have confiscated the entire property of the Roman Catholic Church in Poland. By virtue of an Imperial ukase, dated December 26, 1865, and promulgated on January 10, the landed estates and houses, as well as the ready capital, stocks, claims, and all the other belongings of the national ecclesiastical establishment of Poland, have been seized and appropriated by the Czar.

The English steamship *London*, for Melbourne, recently foundered at sea. Two hundred and twenty lives were lost. Sixteen of the crew and three passengers were saved.

The ships supposed to have been lost during the late gales on the English coast number between three and four hundred. Among these was the American ship *Christina*, 800 tons, which became a wreck December 20, midway between New York and London. Her passengers were all saved by the English ship *Varuna*.

The American squadron under Admiral Goldsborough has received orders to leave the Mediterranean and proceed to Lisbon. Reason not stated.

From the dispatches of our Consul at Liverpool, dated January 20, 1866, we learn that the cattle scourge is rather on the increase than otherwise. He says that during the week previous to date 9243 cases were reported to the authorities; thus far upward of [illegible] cattle have either died with the plague or been killed after taking it.



GEORGE BANCROFT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

GEORGE BANCROFT.

THE eminent historian of the United States, whose portrait accompanies the present sketch, is a remarkable instance of the intellectual culture and development which may be attained under the influence of American society and institutions. A cosmopolitan by education, habits, and tastes, in spirit and character he is an American of the Americans. Nurtured in the traditional literary discipline and choicest scholastic learning of New England, at an early age he sought the more liberal and profound methods of European education. Absence from his native country only quickened his attachment to freedom. With the study of ancient philosophy he drank in the love of human progress, and with an instinctive foresight of his future career, conceived the purpose of embodying the spirit of Plato in the democracy of America. Like Dante and the patriots of the Middle Ages, like Milton and the champions of English liberty, his political aspirations were inspired and ennobled by ideal visions of the destiny of humanity. This is the key to his opinions and aims, the secret of his literary and official life. Hence his public course as a statesman, a historian, an essayist, and a popular orator exhibits a pervading unity which is rarely witnessed in the career of our most prominent men.

Mr. BANCROFT was born about the commencement of the present century in Worcester, Massachusetts, where his father was for many years the pastor of the First Congregational Church. By birth and early surroundings he belonged to the order of New England Brahmins, whom WENDELL HOLMES so quaintly celebrates, as predestined to a life of studious culture and lettered fame. At Harvard College, which he entered when a mere boy, he was considered a prodigy. Cambridge tradition still preserves the memory of his slight figure, his ruffled shirt-collar falling over his shoulders, and his voice of childish treble, in marked contrast to the facility and grace of his utterance and the mellow ripeness of his classical and philosophical attainments. His oration on graduating, when only seventeen years old, was on a profound theme, and is said to have been a master-piece of thought and eloquence. The brilliancy of his powers and the vivacity of his manners made him a universal favorite. His precocious genius, tempered with a wisdom beyond his years, was the admiration and pride of friends, and called forth the most sanguine prophecies of his future renown.

Upon leaving Cambridge he sailed for Europe, where he passed five years in travel and in study at the principal German universities. His instructors were among the most celebrated men of the day. His course of study was more extensive and profound than at that time had been pursued by any American. He evinced a rare capacity for labor, and a strenuous diligence that was unimpaired by any vicious indulgences. His course in history, philosophy, and classical learning embraced the whole development of ancient and modern thought. In each department he showed an aptitude, as if that had been his favorite specialty. His youthful zeal awakened a deep interest in the mind of his teachers, whose pride was gratified by his reports of the progress of their fame in the Western World. At the same time he formed the acquaintance of many eminent men in different branches of literature and science, with several of whom his intimacy soon ripened into a warm and permanent friendship.

On returning to this country in 1822 he resided a year at Cambridge as Greek tutor in Harvard College, and introduced several valuable reforms in the course of classical study, although the conservative spirit which was cherished among the ingenuous youth of that place was too strong to accept any innovations, however useful, without a struggle. His enthusiasm for learning, stimulated as it had been by his long residence at the highest seats in Germany, and his fresh and ardent faith in intellectual life and progress, came into violent collision with a mass of prejudice, ignorance, and stupidity on the part of youngsters who had scarcely ceased to be school-boys. His dreams of improvement amidst the shady retreats of Harvard were rudely disturbed; and he soon found a more congenial field of effort in the celebrated Round Hill School at Northampton, which, in conjunction with Mr. COGSWELL, he established in 1823. This institution was a decided novelty among the means of education in the United States. All its appointments were on a scale of prodigal liberality before unheard of. The ablest teachers, native and European, were employed in its service. The routine of study was varied by long and attractive excursions in the pleasant season. A certain splendor was thrown around the administration of learning which was scarcely in accordance with American tastes. Pupils, however, flocked to the place, and a wide and generous impulse was given to the cause of classical education.

At this period Mr. BANCROFT commenced his preparations for the "History of the United States," the plan of which he had conceived at an early stage of his historical studies. This magnificent work forms one of the proudest monuments of American literature. The composition of it has extended over a series of more than thirty years, each successive volume enhancing the value of the work and the reputation of the author. Profound and accurate in research, rich in illustrations from the whole field of contemporary events, ingenious and brilliant in its general views, every where alive with the spirit of humanity, founded on the soundest philosophical conceptions, and written in a style of remarkable terseness and picturesque glow, it fulfills all the conditions of a great historical production. Considered not only as a faithful record of a most important period in the development of modern civilization, but as a highly-wrought specimen of literary art, it may be said to take the lead in merit, as well as in date, of the admirable works in its kind which have so signally illustrated our youthful literature.

Mr. BANCROFT's career as a statesman, if somewhat eclipsed by the splendor of his literary success, presents a highly honorable record. His discharge of the office of Secretary of the Navy, and of Minister to London, during the administration of Mr. POLK, was marked by sagacity, earnestness, and the love of salutary improvements. As a political leader, in which capacity he has been prominent in his native State as well as at the national capital, he has been distinguished for his reliance on ideas, for his ardent faith in the democratic principle, regarded as the highest expression of the spirit of humanity, and for his uniform advocacy of liberal and progressive measures. Mr. BANCROFT is a powerful and effective public speaker. He has the eloquence which proceeds from lucid thought and strong emotion. Always in earnest, often vehement, he appeals to the imagination by his impassioned rhetoric and graphic illustrations, while he masters the intellect by his power of transparent exposition and cogent argument. Not the least honorable distinction which crowns his name is the decision with which he sided with the friends of the Union during the recent terrible conflict, in opposition to the claims of party associates and political antecedents.

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INSIDE.

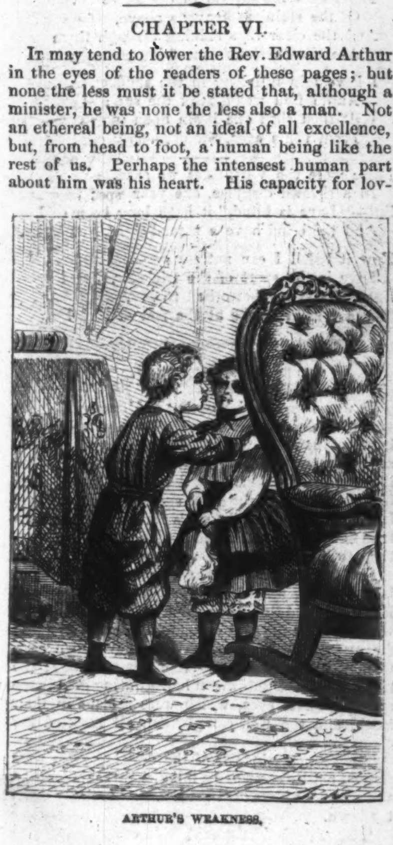
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VI.

IT may tend to lower the Rev. Edward Arthur in the eyes of the readers of these pages; but none the less must it be stated that, although a minister, he was none the less also a man. Not an ethereal being, not an ideal of all excellence, but, from head to foot, a human being like the rest of us. Perhaps the intensest human part about him was his heart. His capacity for loving, his proclivity for loving, his unweariedness in loving from his earliest recollection upward was wonderful.



ARTHUR'S WEAKNESS.

Of course it is painful to make the statement, yet it must be said that, from the day when just three years old, he was detected in the act of kissing behind a parlor rocking-chair a young lady-visitor of some six months or so less experience of life, onward he had never ceased to love. His own relatives, of course; but, in addition to these, all the little flaxen-haired companions of his childhood—there always being for the day some special queen of his heart in virtue of hair specially flaxen, eyes particularly black or blue, cheeks uncommonly rosy, and fair, and dimpled, dress remarkably beautiful, or, what was even more to the purpose, the being specially associated with him for the time of the little Cleopatra of the hour. Up to the very day of leaving for college he had not learned to master such nonsense.

With the development of lungs and brains and all the rest the heart had persisted in growing also. Not that, when he rolled away, just sixteen years old, in the stage from his father's door, he had as yet met exactly with his ideal. None the less did he bear away with him the image in his heart, the lock of her hair being in his Bible in his trunk, of the last, in the quick succession of the queens of his childhood; not so much because he loved *her*, as from the pleasure it was to him, the absolute necessity it was to him to love somebody.

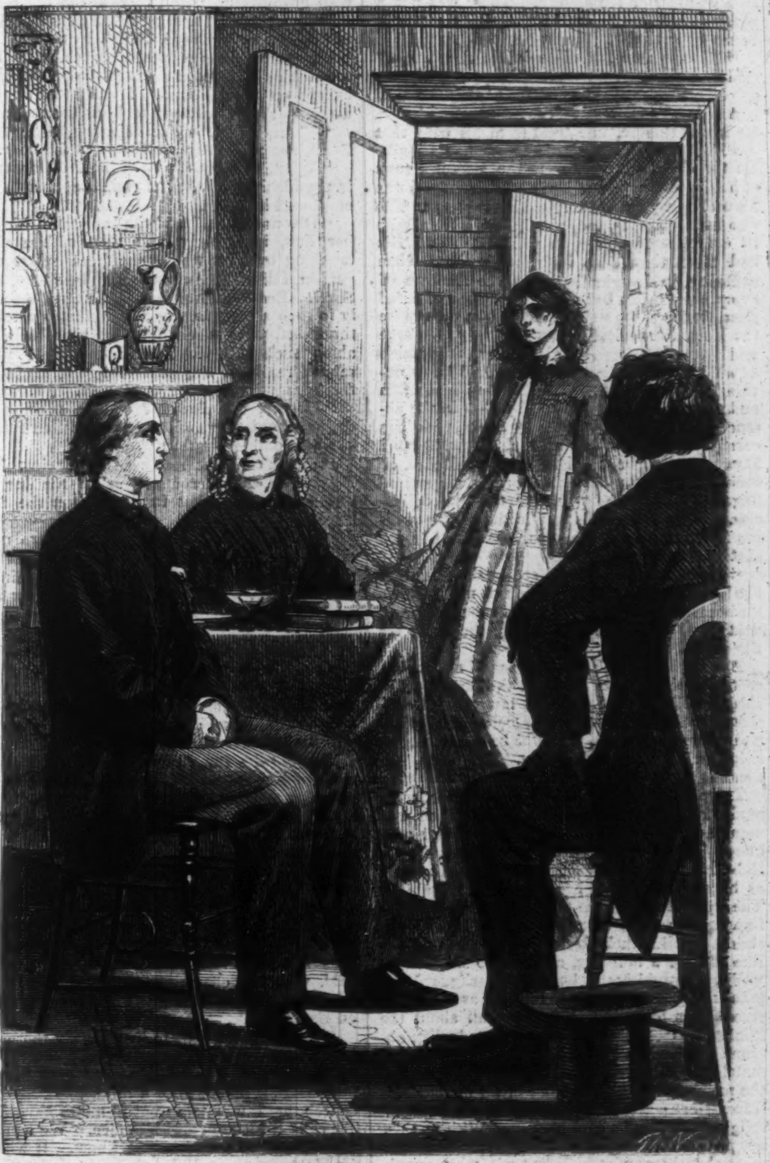
His four years' course in college was a sudden and total interregnum in all this. Minerva set aside Venus with perfect success during those four college years. Heart had to content itself with merely keeping up the circulation while the brain was being developed. Vastly better would it have been could the two have shared the man more equally between them—not so cold and hard would those four years have been. Languages, philosophy, mathematics; mathematics, philosophy, languages all the session through, the impulse thereof bore him, like a locomotive over a break in the track, over the gap of each vacation with a jar scarce perceptible. That day Edward Arthur graduated he could have laid his hand upon the folds of the silk gown which covered his bosom and have truthfully declared his heart to have been, during the previous four years, wholly free from thought of woman. And as he descended the steps of the platform after Commencement, he could have safely declared that, leaving more sacred things aside dearer to him than the entire sex, from Eve down, was the honor he had obtained from Alma Mater, most revered and beloved of all her sex.

Altogether too short was the period which followed to think upon any thing but the immediate Past and the immediate Future. Bright and early that September morning following his graduation did he present himself in the chapel of the Theological Seminary to be matriculated; no man more free from every thing else in the world to devote himself to his studies for the ministry. And into it he plunged: Church History; Theology polemic, didactic, patristic, exegetic; the preparation and delivery of sermons; Hebrew; Chaldaic; Syriac; German. Grudgingly was the morning and evening walk granted to the muscles; only because it was a necessary nuisance was the stomach supplied with the regulation food at the regulation hours in the regulation refectory—it was the brain must be exercised, the brain must be fed. No wonder if, like the right arm of the blacksmith, it was developed beyond the rest of the body, out of proportion to the rest of the body. True, the heart was allowed free play in regard to things spiritual and divine, even stimulated and evermore prompted to this.

And, perhaps, it was well that such things should thus by years preoccupy the heart; obtain from long habit, the deep-seated, uniform custom of the heart, before its doors were opened to all the world. Yet, if its affection for all else could only be kept duly subordinate, the very exercising the heart in the love of all human things would fit it for the more vigorous loving of things superior to these; even as the eye and the hand, quick to see and prompt to gather every little flower flourishing by the way-side, is but trained thereby for the prizing and the gathering the more eagerly of all diamonds and precious stones, too, which may sparkle along the road-side of life. Is it altogether fanciful to remember here that, though the heart beat in the breast with but one throb, it yet has within itself two separate and distinct sets of organs, an auricle and ventricle on the left side thereof, and an auricle and ventricle on the right side thereof? Thou shalt love God, and thou shalt love men, is the divine command. Only as we love either perfectly do we love both perfectly. Only as we love both as we should, do we, as we should, love either; only when both sides of the heart are whole, and keep the mystic time to each other, does the entire heart throb aright! "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God love his brother also."

One thing is perfectly certain, if ever there was a man prepared to love, prepared to love any thing and every thing which could be loved, that man was the Rev. Edward Arthur when he found himself, college and seminary passed through, pastor of the church in Somerville. Neglected, forgotten, the heart of the man was to assert itself—was to make up for the long-endured tyranny of the brain.

Let me pause a moment here. I have something to say which may greatly weaken the reader's estimation of the Rev. Edward Arthur. Shall I say it exactly as it was? Or shall I not rather carefully conceal the fact, so that the young minister may be that much the greater and stronger individual in the eyes of those who read these pages? Hesitate as I may to say it, ashamed as I may be to announce the fact, deeply conscious, as of course I am, of the damage it will do our hero from this instant to the end of his history, I must none the less say, because I can not possibly avoid it and be at all coherent in my narrative, that the Rev. Edward Arthur during the very first day of his arrival in Somerville fell in love! Pardon him, dear reader, he could not possibly help it; at least he *did* not help it. Pardon him, indulgent reader, for it was a love which, however hastily kindled, never ceased to burn thereafter with but stronger and brighter and purer flame.



"AND ARTHUR WAS IN LOVE."

The way of it was this: When Guy Brooks, Esq., years before Secession, had written to the young theologian to come to Somerville and organize a church in that new but promising town, and had received a promise of doing so in reply, he forthwith began, in a terrible hurry, to look around among the families of Somerville for some suitable home for the new minister. It ought to be among the members of the contemplated church, to begin with. Next, in which of these families should it be?

He himself was then a widower and boarded at the time at the hotel, and the hotel was no place for a preacher; half an hour in the bar-room or any where else about the house was sufficient to dishearten one of his calling through all the avenues of smelling, tasting, seeing, and hearing. Mr. Ferguson, the Scotchman, offered to share his bachelor home with the new-comer, especially as he was to be also a member of the church to be organized. Guy Brooks thanked him but declined. A most substantially and inflexibly good man was Ferguson, like all Scotchmen who are not utter reprobates; but, like every other Scotchman, reprobate or not, Ferguson was set in his way, notionate to the last degree. And cross, too; no tropical thunder-gust more suddenly, unexpectedly, and violently so. Upon Mr. Ferguson Guy Brooks counted confidently as upon a very oaken beam in the proposed church organization, but, as a host of the pastor thereof? No. The lawyer did not entertain the idea one instant. Suppose the guest should derange, should injure, should lose a Number from Mr. Ferguson's collection? The very possibility of such a catastrophe, with all its disruptive effects upon the proposed church, was sufficient to settle the matter. No one can dislike to pause more than the writer. The collection of Mr. Ferguson has been unintentionally alluded to. But now that it has been mentioned, it must be explained before we can proceed.

In Mr. Ferguson's bosom existed the instinct of collection. It *is* an instinct. Look at the magpie. We all know what a passion it has for stealing and secreting bits of raw cotton, shreds of rags, fragments of pottery, articles of jewelry, and the like. There is a story afloat in works on Natural History of another bird—a species of hawk—which has its nest in the centre of a thorny tree, and which impales upon these thorns all manner of grasshoppers, locusts, insects of all sorts, as well as the smaller birds. Toward the decline of its days this winged virtuoso has collected a perfect museum of natural curiosities, and lives and dies in its overshadowed nest, in the centre thereof, in scientific and serene content. However true this may be, we are certain of the instinct in the case of the magpie. And it is the same instinct which is seen in the collector of autographs, peculiar snuff-boxes, fantastic pipes, singular walking-sticks, rare editions of old books, and the like. Very strong was the instinct in the case of Mr. Ferguson. A Scotchman should have been more sensible; but in an old bachelor the object of his collection was preposterous—he had collected into a body every treatise on the subject of Infant Baptism he had ever heard or read of. It may have begun his making the collection, quietly and innocently enough, but it had grown into a passion—a mania.

The walls of a certain room in his house were devoted exclusively to these treatises. Books in folio, quarto, octavo, duodecimo, were there; thick books and thin books, and in every possible style of binding. Pamphlets, too, of all shapes, sizes, and ages upon the subject. Files of all such newspapers also as contained articles upon the subject, and the whole collection patched, pasted, annotated, in every stage of wear and discoloration. Then there were bound volumes of letters he had evoked from reverend and irreverent sources, in all degrees of angry *pro* and recriminating *con*. A bulky scrap-book or two contained every flying anecdote, paragraph, item, cut right and left, from every paper which he had ever come upon bearing upon the one theme. One stood amazed to behold how much had been said upon the subject in the world, and turned away aghast at the remembrance that, even yet, the question remained as unsettled as ever. The plain fact is, Mr. Ferguson took hardly the slightest interest in the subject discussed itself—it was in his collection upon the subject that his interest lay.

"No, and it would sicken him, too, for life of the whole subject!" laughed Guy Brooks to himself, as, after declining Mr. Ferguson's offer of a room in his house for the expected minister, he walked back to his office.

"He shall know of my collection none the less. And surely no room in Somerville could be so appropriate for a minister as just that room," said Mr. Ferguson, as he parted from the lawyer. In something of a huff, too; only he knew that no amount of huff on his part could provoke any thing but amusement and good-nature on the part of the frank and open-hearted lawyer.

There was Dr. Warner, also. He, too, was to be a member of the church. There was not a pleasanter house in Somerville than his, nor a better spread table.

"He can have my office in the front-yard," said Dr. Warner, after having previously received his wife's views upon the subject.

A nice office it was, too, as Guy Brooks knew, for it was therein, in retreat from his wife, that the Doctor entertained his gentlemen friends. On the shelves therein were the Doctor's rows of bottles and papers of herbs. Therein also was his mahogany case of surgical instruments. The wooden apparatus, too, was in the corner, with its complicated straps, in which Bub and 'Ria had more than once imprisoned Amos when suffering, in imagination, with the fracture of every bone in his body in consequence of a fall from the top of the stable. In the book-case were the Doctor's medical books, especially his large and intensely-colored Surgical Atlas, of the inside of which he was so careful Bub should know nothing, and yet whose every plate had been often and most thoroughly studied by Bub in the absences of his father, assisted by Amos, with 'Ria carefully locked out. Therein, also, was the good Doctor's collection, in glass jars and alcohol, of such tumors, bits of lungs and brains, amputated fingers and toes, embryos, and the like delicacies, as had come in his way in the course of his profession. And there, also, was a full-length skeleton in its corner.

"The first thing he will see in the morning, the last his eyes will close upon at night—have an impressive influence upon his meditations," said the Doctor, in commending the room for the expected arrival.

But no. There is a certain smell about that room, considered the lawyer with himself. Besides—and the idea struck the lawyer with considerable force—deprive the Doctor of that retreat from his wife? It would be a base imposition on his easy good-nature. And then, her tongue! Phew!—no!

There was Colonel Roberts also. Fine, commodious house; Mrs. Roberts an excellent woman, and member of the church. And who knows but he might be able to influence even Roberts? But the lawyer, charitable and hopeful as he was, shook his head even as he said it. The squat figure of the Colonel stood before his imagination on the instant—that black hair, those splendid black eyes, that full face, so much like that of a bull-dog, and yet so handsome! "What an unmitigated bully and blackguard that man is!" said the lawyer to himself, as the image rose before his mind—forgetting all about the minister. "Gambler, hard drinker, duelist, obscene to the last degree; unmatched and unmatchable in profanity; loose to dishonesty in the payment of his debts and in all his business transactions; avowedly a scoffer at the truth of religion and the virtue of woman. With all this, when he cares to be so, what dignity, what grace, what eloquence, what polished wit, what exquisite courtesy! That it should be possible to combine into one such a devil and such an angel!" murmured the lawyer to himself.

Colonel Ret Roberts! Nothing could be more familiar to the public ear and to the public tongue than that. He had been a bold young lawyer; then an indefatigable stump-speaker throughout the State—copious in anecdote, reckless in statement, vehement in invective; next an Elector of a successful candidate for the Presidency; then, for six months, Chargé at one of the minor European courts; after that Governor of the State. When Guy Brooks was debating whether or no to make him the host of the expected minister, he was drinking, gambling, playing at once the Edmund Burke and the bully in the United States Senate at Washington. All the State knew pretty well the kind of man Colonel Ret Roberts was; most certainly he disguised nothing of himself from any one. Yet all over the State religious, grave, and sober men applauded the Colonel's speeches; contributed gladly pigs, turkeys, and beeves toward barbecues in his honor; introduced him, with pride at the opportunity of doing so, to their wives and daughters, and voted him into whatever office he demanded rather than asked at their hands.

"As you say, my house is too far out of Somerville for the purpose; or, there being only Robby and myself here, I would be pleased to have Mr. Arthur with me," Mrs. Sorel observed, when Guy Brooks, throwing his energies into the matter, had ridden out to consult her upon the subject. There is Mrs. Bowles, thought Mrs. Sorel to herself, and she knitted and thought over the matter, as was her placid wont on every subject, before she spoke out. It was not altogether so clear.

"I have thought of the hotel, of Ferguson, of Dr. Warner, even of Colonel Ret Roberts, besides every other place possible," said Guy Brooks, after a somewhat despondent silence. "It ought to be in the family of a member of the church if possible."

"How old did you say he was? or did you say any thing at all on the subject?" asked Mrs. Sorel, at length.

"I do not know, somewhere under thirty, I suppose. You remember I never saw him," said the lawyer. "Ferguson, Warner, Ellis, and myself wrote to the head of the Theological Seminary to recommend some one to us for the purpose of organizing a church here. In reply Mr. Arthur was warmly urged upon us; we corresponded with him, he says he will come; that is all we know of him."

"Have you thought of Mrs. Bowles?" inquired Mrs. Sorel, at length.

"The very person!" exclaimed the lawyer, rising to his feet. "Strange I never once thought of her. That is, if she will consent. You know what a delicate, retiring lady she is. Besides, it would be an assistance to her, his boarding with her. Yes," added the lawyer, with enthusiasm, "and there is the office Rutledge Bowles occupied before he went to college in the corner of the yard. The very thing! She is a member of the proposed church, too. I do not think she would consent to the arrangement except on that ground. I will see her right away." And the lawyer took his hat to leave.

"There might be one objection," said Mrs. Sorel, accompanying her visitor to the door.

"What, what can it be?" inquired he, turning suddenly. Mrs. Sorel smiled demurely and continued knitting.

"Oh, nonsense!" said the lawyer, looking at her first, inquiringly, and then with a smile breaking over his wholesome face: "Beg your pardon, I didn't mean to use such language, Mrs. Sorel. But you never fear. We men, especially in such a new place as Somerville, with every thing before us to do, have no time to think about such things. You ladies flatter yourselves; really, I beg pardon again," said the frank lawyer, laughing at himself.

"Do we, Mr. Brooks? Well, perhaps we do," said quiet Mrs. Sorel, not at all cast down—quite confident rather.

"You would not really advise against Mrs. Bowles on that account?" asked the lawyer, seriously, pausing hat in hand upon the front step.

"By no means, or I should not have mentioned it. Yes, see her, and see what you can do. Don't let me detain you. Good-evening!" But the wise, placid smile was still on her face as she said it.

"Stuff, nonsense! It is to be hoped he will find too much to do to think of such things! Oh these women, they think men never think of any thing else; sensible lady like Mrs. Sorel, too! Get up, Charley!" and with an unnecessary cut of his whip the Kentuckian cantered back into Somerville.

Mrs. Bowles came into the arrangement the moment the lawyer mentioned it, which he did with characteristic promptitude that same evening.

But it was after having most clearly and distinctly ascertained from the lawyer that the expected minister was not from the North, but from Virginia, born, raised, educated there. Good! If any spot on the globe could be said to stand next to South Carolina, in Mrs. Bowles's estimation, it was Virginia. "Though I have a great admiration for Kentucky also," Mrs. Bowles said, with the charming condescension of the daughter of a hundred Earls to a newly-knighted Baronet.

"If he will consent to live plainly there will be no inconvenience to us at all," she said to him immediately thereafter. "I have been so long without seeing even a minister of my own church that it will be a treat to me to have him. There is Rutledge Bowles's office. We can put a bed in there for him, you know. It will do for his study, too. If I do not like the arrangement afterward, you know, we can make a change. But I am sure we will like it—yes, I am quite sure of it!" and excellent Mrs. Bowles was almost enthusiastic upon the subject, greatly to the delight of her visitor.

The truth is, Mrs. Bowles was enthusiastic in every thing. If she liked any thing or person she liked enthusiastically—could not see, would not hear or believe any thing to the contrary. And, it must be added, if she disliked she disliked as sincerely and vehemently as her piety would permit. It so happened that Mrs. Sorel and herself were from the same neighborhood in South Carolina, had been school-girls together. Yet it was singular that the same soil could produce two persons so unlike. Mrs. Sorel tall, dignified, grave, self-possessed; Mrs. Bowles rather *petite* and *spirituel* in face and figure, unconstrained, full of lively fancies, impulsive, quick-spoken. Both were thoroughly ladies in the highest sense of the term—strongly attached to each other from memories of their childhood, still more from contrast of character; for while Mrs. Sorel could not but love the ardent and warm-spoken widow, so sincere and free in every thought and feeling, Mrs. Bowles could not but feel a warm affection for one in whose judgment, strong sense, sober speech she had long learned to have the deepest confidence. She had long been in the habit of consulting Mrs. Sorel in every thing of importance—much more so since the death of her husband, the Major.

I wish our story could pause long enough to permit us to say a little, or rather a good deal about Major J. C. Bowles. You can gather all you may wish to know of his character and history by turning to any book of national portraits. You will find him there among the politicians of South Carolina of some forty years ago. A stately gentleman he appears to have been from the somewhat stiff portrait in question, the half-length painting, from which it was taken, hanging in silent grandeur in the parlor at Somerville. Often did the young minister sit in that parlor of summer afternoons and study, not only the biography of the man himself, but a vast deal of national history, too, in that imposing portraiture.

Evidently a commanding man the Major was, with his high rolled collar, huge cravat beneath his chin, and the locks brushed away from the broad forehead, only a blue ribbon across the bosom lacking to make it pass as the likeness of a royal duke. The painting in question represented him thus; the gold-headed cane presented him by his constituents after his great speech in Congress resting between his knees, the sword wherewith his father had fought in the Revolution hanging on the wall behind him, St. Michael's Church visible through the window, to show the portrait was taken in Charleston. But you can see it all for yourself, dear reader, by turning to the volume in question, and his life besides on the next page.

Let us halt here long enough, however, to say at least this: Colonel Ret Roberts and Major J. C. Bowles were as exactly alike, and as utterly, eternally, and irreconcilably unlike, as any two men can possibly be. Both were apparently gentlemen of the highest type of breeding and courtesy, yet Colonel Ret Roberts was only superficially so; it was as natural to him as a suit of the superfinest broadcloth is to a prince, and as much a thing apart from and external to his real self as such a suit. Major J. C. Bowles was a genuine gentleman to the centre of his soul. Colonel Ret Roberts was a talented, highly talented man. Major J. C. Bowles was not, even a little dull. With Colonel Ret Roberts, the Major believed to the hour of his death that South Carolina was the first State on the continent—in the world, in fact; unlike the Colonel, however, the Major never in his life cursed and commended to eternal perdition, as the Colonel did every day of his life, whoever and whatsoever was in conflict with him on this point. That Calhoun was the superior of Webster Major Bowles never entertained the slightest doubt; yet Webster was a rational, respectable, perhaps conscientious individual. This the Major sincerely believed, while the Colonel did not—or, at least, swore he did not. That the "peculiar institution" was morally, socially, religiously, politically, eternally right, the essential foundation of all correct government, a thing to exist for ever and ever by ordinance like that which rolls the stars, both heartily believed; yet Major Bowles fed, clothed, cared for his negroes like the Christian gentleman he was; seeing himself to it, with a deep sense of responsibility, that they were not overworked nor their religious instruction neglected. Colonel Ret Roberts, on the other hand, believed and acted in every sense in the belief that his negroes were only speaking animals, to be worked to the utmost by the strictest overseers. However, as Colonel Ret Roberts had but scant reference himself to his own higher nature as an immortal being made in the image of his Maker, you could not reasonably suppose he should imagine any such thing for an instant in reference to his slaves. When in good-humor he would treat them to tobacco, whisky, and all manner of frolics and idleness; but with the same feeling toward them in good-humor as in bad, that they were but animals, worth no more thought than the horses in his stable, petted as such, beaten as such.

Major Bowles had no specially rigid notions on the subject of religion, yet he was not an avowed and insolent scoffer at it like Colonel Ret Roberts; even attended church, at least occasionally, a thing that Lamum never could induce the Colonel to do even when the most important political object was at stake. Nor did Major Bowles admire any Puritanism in regard to morals; yet he never would have soiled his fingers with the greasy cards, the dirty dice-box, the dripping gin-tumbler with which Colonel Ret Roberts was familiar, to say nothing of the profanity, obscenity, and practical debauchery which peopled the Colonel's plantation with his mulatto offspring, as much to the Colonel, and no more, than the puppies littered in his kennels. And the Major had as supreme an adoration for honor as the Colonel; but it was a principle which would have made him blush to leave a debt unpaid, or to do even a deed of doubtful honesty, wherein the Colonel differed from him amazingly in practice. As behooved gentlemen of honor, both had "been out" with an antagonist. The Major had gone out only when grossly insulted, and then had coldly received his enemy's fire with erect bearing, afterward firing into the air. The Colonel, on the other hand, had ever been the one provoking the quarrel, and then eager on the field to kill; in which, to the number of some five or six foes, he had been remarkably successful.

But why speak of Major J. C. Bowles? Did he not waste his estate with too prodigal an hospitality, too utter a devotion to politics, and so subside, in his later years, first into what remained of his large property, a small home in Charleston, and a practice at the bar, for which he had become too old or too unused by political life to succeed, and then into his grave there in St. Michael's church-yard? Had he but had Colonel Ret Roberts's—what shall we call it?—some highly-polished synonym for rascality, he would not have lost acre or negro. However, so it was.

When somewhat advanced in life the Major married his wife, of as distinguished and of as decayed a family as his own. A son and a daughter were the children of his old age—Rutledge and Alice. These were both but children when, after the death of her husband, Mrs. Bowles moved out westward and settled in Somerville. The Major owned lands there; Mrs. Bowles could not endure to take a lower rank in Charleston than her husband had once occupied. Mrs. Sorel had preceded her, and had written, urging to the step. So it was, that, at the date of our story, Mrs. Bowles was living in her neat little cottage-home on the edge of Somerville. She had left South Carolina, it is true, but the soil was all of the State she had left behind her.

The young minister learned all this, bit by bit, after his arrival. Welcomed at the hotel door, as he stepped from the stage, by Guy Brooks, he and the lawyer were at home with each other from that moment; for where people are sincere they understand each other from the first sight of each other's face, from the first grasp of each other's hand. The energetic lawyer had his new possession into his chamber in a moment; and had him brushed, dined, and introduced to Ferguson, Warner, Ellis, and half a dozen more, within the hour of his arrival.

"You must feel yourself at home with us," he said to him, in his frank, hearty way. "We are all fragments of the church that is to be. Dr. Warner here is ready to doctor you the moment you say the word. Mr. Ellis has a store down town, a good place to drop into to get acquainted with people. Ferguson here—well, Mr. Ferguson can post you on the subject of Infant Baptism, if you need it at all. I am the only one not of much use. However!"

"Somewhat too young for my fancy; it isn't a fair-cheeked, brown-haired girl we wanted for such a place as this rough and unchristianized Somerville," growled Mr. Ferguson to himself, as he went back to his room.

The afternoon of his arrival—"Why not?" the lawyer said to himself—Mr. Arthur was carried over to Mrs. Bowles to be introduced, the lawyer explaining matters to him as they walked over.

"What a neat, home-like place!" the new-comer said to himself, as they entered the front gate and advanced along the graveled walk between the altheas and rose-bushes to the door. Like all houses at the South not built by people direct from the North, a goodly portico was in front of the residence, admitting to a hall into which rooms communicated on either side. It was a May morning when the new-comer stood there, inhaling the fragrance of jasmine and mimosa, glancing around at the many evidences of a refined taste on every side, while they waited for the door to be opened. With Mrs. Bowles, a few moments after, so warm-hearted and cordial in her sables and gray hair, the young minister felt himself at once at home and at ease—there is so much, so exceedingly much, in refinement when warmed by a glowing heart!

"I have but a small family, Mr. Arthur," she said, at last. "Rutledge Bowles, my only son, is at college in Columbia." Mrs. Bowles did not say, "Columbia, South Carolina," because to her there was but that one Columbia in the world. "My daughter Alice—" she began; but at that instant the front gate was heard to slam, hasty steps succeeded along the gravel, and a young girl threw open the parlor door, with sun-bonnet in one hand, school-books in the other, her hair about her glowing face.

And the Rev. Edward Arthur was in love!

THE MYSTERY OF TWO VALENTINES.

Clara and Kate are twin-born maids;
But Clara is dark and Kate is fair:
Clara's locks lie in ebon braids,
Kate hath a crown of golden hair.

Clara's eyes flash, but Kate's cheek glows;
Clara is your love, Kate is mine.
Let us for sport to-day compose,
Each for the other, a Valentine.

Then for an hour's silent flow
Brows were knitted and ink was shed,
Till—this was just a year ago—
These were the Valentines we sped.

I.—TO CLARA.

Him that loves thee, woe betide!
Thou wilt chill him with thy pride;
Pierce his heart with sharp disdain;
Slowly crush him with a reign
Of alternate bliss and pain.

I have loved thee well; but now
I revoke my love, and vow,
By the martyred Valentine,
Not for Ophir's richest mine
Will I bind my soul to thine!

II.—TO KATE.

I have lain full long in the shadow
Of a love that sheds no light
Save such as the transient meteor
Flings fitfully on the night.

Thine eyes are dipped in the azure
Of the stainless heavens above,
And the clear rays shining through them
Are the constant sun of love.

I have lain full long in the shadow,
And I fain would seek the sun;
Wilt thou shed one beam upon me
From thine eyes, Sweet?—only one!

These were the Valentines we sped,
In a shrewd disguise, one year ago;
But—"Love is blind," it hath long been said,
And the blind have a second-sight, you know.

How it befell I can not say;
Love is the sport of the trickster, Fate!
But Clara is my betrothed to-day,
And Herbert sighs at the feet of Kate!

THE WHISPER-ROOM.

It was a paragon lawn, that of Houseley Cottage—emerald in color, closely shaven, and velvet-like in smoothness. It was a fitting inclosure for the red and white roses which, in regular succession, girdled it round. The laburnums, that waved their golden blossoms above it, the great sycamore, whose broad leaves bravely faced the sun's fiercest rays, and the trim flower-beds that ended it, all added their attractions to Houseley Lawn.

Seated in a low chair, under a waving cluster of laburnums, was a girl, apparently eighteen years old. Her hand held listlessly an open book; but her eyes were fixed on the blue expanse of sea that stretched far away, and over which Houseley Lawn commanded a glorious view. She was very fair; the rich masses of light-brown hair glinting gold in the sun, the hazel eyes, which were radiant in their truth, and the rich complexion, all asserted her claim to beauty.

The French windows of the drawing-room were thrown noisily open, and a tall girl, rather older than she whom we have described, came hurriedly down the lawn.

"Oh, Agatha!" she said, "do come in and persuade your mamma to join the Daltons' picnic. It *will* be capital. Fred Hawkins and Harry Collier are coming."

The other's fair face wore an expression of hauteur.

"Lucy," she said, "I do wish you wouldn't talk in this off-hand manner. I don't see that any attraction lies in the fact of Mr. Hawkins or Sir Harry Collier coming—certainly not enough to make you call them by their names."

"Oh, bother!" said the other, who was a dashing beauty—blue-eyed, fair-haired, and gifted with superb self-possession. "You're such a prim creature!"

The two girls strolled down the garden together, and while gone we will, in a few words, describe their history.

Agatha Clare was the only child of Mrs. Clare, widow of a physician in large practice, and left by him in affluent circumstances. She was a woman of rare talent, tact, and generosity, and very popular for her kindness and charming manners. Her house of Houseley was a favorite resort of all the younger members of the population, for her dances and croquet parties were perfection.

Lucy Harwich was the daughter of the officer in command of the coast-guard, a retired commander, with more private property than usually falls to his brethren's share. His wife, too, had money. His daughter was what is termed a "fast young lady." She was a beauty, very daring and very willful, very ambitious, and very selfish. Truth must be regarded by a veracious chronicler.

The two girls re-entered the drawing-room, where there was a group of visitors eagerly discussing the picnic. Among them was a man of some note. Harold St. Vraie was a scion of old Norman stock. Unassuming English gentleman as he was, listening calmly to the picnic suggestions, and sitting dressed in gray tweed, with a hunting-whip in his hand, he bore the features and the name of a line of steel-clad warriors, whose swords had been foremost in every field of English battle from that of Hastings. The manors of his house had stretched through half a county, and the holders of them had been repeatedly offered a peerage.

But with him fortune had dealt hardly. But one old manor-house and a hundred acres of land remained to him of all his ancestors' territory. His small income sufficed for his wants, and his interest with the Government would procure him a diplomatic post whenever he married, which event was not unexpected by the young ladies of the locality.

"Let us go to Vrayville Towers," said Lucy, impetuously; "the ruins are splendid, and the legend wonderful."

"Lucy," said Agatha, softly, "remember Mr. St. Vraie's family. Look at him."

Lucy did look at him, and saw that his face flushed, and that he looked annoyed.

"Poor fellow!" said her mother to her nearest neighbor, "considering how long the property's been in his family, and the ghosts in the place, I don't wonder at his annoyance."

"I'll console him," laughed Lucy, and swept across the room to Harold St. Vraie's side. "I'll show Miss Agatha my winning colors," she said to herself, mentally.

"Pray forgive me, Mr. St. Vraie," she began, in a subdued tone, very unlike the usual rapid and autocratic key in which she spoke, and dropping her dark eyelashes over her violet eyes with a timid aspect, "for my stupidity in proposing the visit. I ought to have remembered all that you must remember when Vrayville is mentioned."

"The stupidity's mine, Miss Harwich," interrupted St. Vraie, with a smile. "My morbid recollections are ridiculous. Never mind them. We'll go to Vrayville, and I can lead the explorers over every corner and tell all the legends—if Mr. Thorpe will allow me," he added, with a slight sneer.

He might have been excused for this; for this Mr. Thorpe, who had purchased Vrayville for the sake more of its ruins than of its farms, was a rich man, who bought the place for self-gratification, and was as chary of showing it as he was of his picture-gallery and his gardens. He had refused Harold permission to sketch the old ruins which had been his forefathers' for seven centuries, and therefore there was mutual dislike between Thorpe and St. Vraie.

"I admire violet-eyed blondes," said Harold to himself, as he strolled down the lawn; but if I did not, I should certainly be enslaved by that hazel-eyed, brown-haired beauty. What a calm self-trust and stately quiet there is about her! But she rather repels."

Agatha's accustomed demeanor deceived many. Accounted cold and slow of feeling, she was a girl capable of strong emotions. For him who won her heart Agatha would be a very heroine of story in her lofty love.

The next day the picnic party started on horseback. On his black mare, thorough-bred and glossy-coated as satin, Harold looked like the knightly descendant of the Norman, as he galloped along. Arriving at the ruins called the abbey cloisters, and which formed an ancient burial-ground, most of the party cantered carelessly across. St. Vraie, with a bitter smile, turned off by the road, and Miss Harwich, on her bay pony, accompanied him.

"You see," she said, "there is some one else who thinks as you do, and avoids desecration."

"I thank you," he said, warmly. "Of course, none feel as I do."

Miss Harwich replied by a winning smile, and the two rode on. Now, she was, to a certain extent, fond of Harold, and of his long descent; but she was a good deal fonder of herself, and she had heard her mother positively assert that morning the fact of Harold's heirship to an "Aunt Clinton's" property of (presumed) five thousand a year. Otherwise, Sir Harry Collier, who was merely a *poor* baronet, would have stood higher in the young lady's estimate, for she admired his face nearly as much as, and his conversation was far more congenial than, Harold's.

She exerted herself to talk on the subjects he liked. Her blue eyes were very brilliant, her voice very low, her sympathy very marked, Harold's admiration of her beauty great, and his emotions of ancestral pride very potent. In an impulsive moment he proposed and was accepted.

They reached the picnic party, and Miss Harwich ran off to tell her mamma. At this moment Agatha rode in.

"What, Miss Clare," said St. Vraie, "did you not go with the rest?"

"No," she said, quietly.

"Why not?"

"Because I never like to cause pain," she answered, kindly; "and I knew your family tombs were in the cloisters. Will you help me down?"

"You are an angel," thought Harold; and then blushed guiltily, remembering he was an engaged man.

The picnic proceeded. Mrs. Harwich, indeed, embraced Harold when he was apart from the others, and sobbed out her congratulations on his having "her treasure."

"What old tower's that?" said Sir Harry, flinging a Champagne cork toward it.

"Har—Mr. St. Vraie can tell you," said Mrs. Harwich.

"Oh," said the baronet, blundering, as was his wont, "I suppose all the old legends were drilled into you till you believe 'em, St. Vraie."

The other's haughty face flushed red with anger, and his gray-blue eyes flashed fiercely.

"The story about that tower is merely one of family interest," he replied, with forced calmness.

"Let's have it—let's have it!" said Mr. Hawkins, loudly, the sun and Champagne having acted unusually on him.

Harold made no answer, till Lucy Harwich said, "Won't you tell me, Harold?"

His proud face softened, and he answered, quietly:

"It's only the tower where Hugh St. Vraie shut up his guilty wife, Lucy, till she died, three hundred years ago. You see it's not a picnic story."

Miss Harwich looked very grave, and a silence fell on the group, till Harold proposed visiting the "whisper-room."

Up a cork-screw flight of stairs, the ladies blushing and laughingly making the gentlemen go first, the whole party trooped, till they found themselves in a large room, leading out to an ancient terrace of stone, and connected by a passage with a smaller room.

"What is the secret of this place?" said Lucy.

"I shall leave you all to find out," he laughed; "at least, I'll tell you, Lucy, presently. I must go and see if any one's in the smaller room."

The "secret" was that by its acoustic properties the passage reflected back the lowest whisper uttered in the large room into the small one.

Harold St. Vraie passed hastily in with a smile on his lips, for he thought Lucy more charming each moment. He started back, for his eye fell on Agatha Clare, who was gazing out on the rich landscape, and whose fair face was sad. He advanced to speak, when wafted along the passage he heard Mrs. Harwich's voice.

"My dear, I've made a dreadful mistake! It's Sir Harry who's to—"

"Not to succeed to the property you said was Harold St. Vraie's, mamma?" said Lucy's voice, hurriedly.

"Yes; I found it out only just now."

"Oh, mamma, how stupid! What an awful nuisance!" burst out Miss Harwich; "and here, after he's proposed and accepted! And I might have had Collier so easily!" and the young lady stamped with passion.

Agatha Clare turned her face away to avoid seeing St. Vraie's. His features were ghastly pale, and his lips quivering, for the blow struck hard. But his resolution was soon taken, and his face grew stern and composed. Turning to Agatha, whose hazel eyes were full of soft compassion, he said, with difficulty:

"You'll keep the secret, Miss Clare?"

She bowed, and he passed out. As he entered the large room Lucy was saying, passionately, "Tied irrevocably!"

"No, Miss Harwich," said St. Vraie, haughtily, while mother and daughter were overwhelmed with confusion. "The secret of these rooms—the whispering-gallery—has put me in possession of your conversation; I therefore release you freely from your promise; and I trust," he added, sarcastically, "that your future conquest may be more satisfactorily ended."

He bowed low and stood aside for them to pass. Lucy's beautiful face crimsoned and paled alternately, but her accustomed spirit deserted her, and she and her crest-fallen mother descended into the court-yard, whence, under the plea of fatigue, they soon drove off, the baronet being in attendance.

Agatha Clare became conscious that Harold St. Vraie looked on her, to a certain extent, as a sharer in his secret, and she could not help observing his subdued manner and humble deference toward her. He rode home by her side that evening, and seemed unwilling to waste words on any one else. Afterward he was a frequent visitor, and ultimately he asked Mrs. Clare to give him "*her* greatest treasure," which, with her treasure's sanction, she promised to do.

And as Harold passed the turquoise betrothed ring on Agatha's slender finger, and lovingly pressed her hand, he whispered:

"I don't think any whisper-room will part us, my own?"

Agatha's reply is unrecorded.

CENTRAL CITY, COLORADO.

CENTRAL CITY, Colorado, of which we give an illustration on our first page, is quite a large town, situated among the Rocky Mountains. It is the natural centre of the great mining operations in Colorado. Millions of dollars of Eastern capital are invested in the different mills and claims that circle the town. There has been much mismanagement on the part of Eastern agents, and this has rendered some of the best properties of this region unproductive. The "Lyon's Process," that promises so much, is being tested near Central City. If successful, Colorado will be the greatest State in the Union in its development of mineral wealth. Our artist has faithfully represented the peculiar topographical features of the mining regions among the mountains of Colorado.

We give also on the same page an illustration of a GAMBLING SCENE IN DENVER CITY, COLORADO. The scene represented by our artist is one which may every night be seen by stepping into the tempting saloons of the city. In all of these gambling saloons there is music of a very indifferent quality. They are nightly crowded by men of all classes of society. The games which are played are very curious, and some of them are peculiar to this region.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A CERTAIN London gazette, that is almost exclusively devoted to those topics which are supposed to be especially appropriate to ladies—viz., dress, fashion, domestic economy, and family management in general—has recently become involved in quite a discussion regarding the "Discipline of Young Children." An anxious mother, uncertain how to manage her rather willful little girls, asked for advice through the columns of this gazette, and immediately a flood of communications appeared, giving such a mélange of views that the poor "mother" must be puzzled. Each has her own pet theory. One bases her success on pure reasoning with children, and styles herself a "Hater of the Rod;" another advises only gentleness and firmness; a third suggests a plan of regular self-examination as the best method of training a child to obedience. "A Manager of Unruly Little Girls" insists that there is no "equivalent punishment for grave faults but the rod," and recommends that the whipping system be unflinchingly pursued, especially in the case of little girls, "as they fear pain more than boys!" One individual, claiming the euphonious name of "*Cornelia*," gives some philosophical views, from which we will quote a passage or two:

> "I cordially agree with 'A Manager of Unruly Little Girls,' that for young children a whipping is the best corrective and moral stimulant. I would not whip a child till it is a year and a half old, nor (if it is a girl) after it is seven years old; but till then, for many faults it is an excellent discipline. Children's nerves often get into an irritable, excitable state, which exhibits itself in crying, and what is termed in the nursery 'naughtiness;' for this state of things it is wonderful what a fine tonic and alterative to the nervous system a whipping proves to be."

At this point we would suggest that "children of larger growth," who are often both nervous and fretful, be made to take this "fine tonic."

"A well-disposed child, who has been whipped in early days, will generally prove obedient and good-tempered."

And pray, what is a "*well-disposed* child" to be whipped for? To give amusement or employment to "Cornelia?" She goes on to say:

> "Do your duty to your children in all sanitary matters—feed them well, clothe them well, teach them well; but don't leave off a pleasant employment because the children wish to use the room you sit in as a castle, and do not give up an interesting book because the children make a noise. Proclaim silence when you wish to read, and cause the castle to be abandoned when you wish to paint. Always make your children understand that you are to be considered before them."

"In short"—as Mr. Micawber would *say*—teach your children by example to be supremely selfish. Such a doctrine is wholly false. Children have their rights in the family—rights as sacred as those belonging to the parent. The family is the child's world, where he is to learn not merely obedience, but love, generosity, benevolence, justice, and rectitude. And these things are best taught by example. A child's happiness is as much to *him* as is the mother's happiness to *her*. And while no child has the right to disturb the peace of the family by selfishness or fretfulness, no more has the mother a right to disturb the family by like means.

But we have unconsciously drifted upon a mooted question, and had better "change the subject."

The following is suggestive to clergymen:

> The late Rev. Samuel Fiske ("Dunn Browne") once prayed in the pulpit "that the Lord would bless the congregation assembled, and that portion of it which was on the way to church, and those who were at home getting ready to come, and that, in his infinite patience, he would grant the benediction to those who reached the house of God just in time for that." By this eccentric method the clergyman succeeded in breaking up a bad habit, which had resisted all legitimate appeals.

Somebody, who evidently has not *cultivated* his taste for the beautiful, thus remarks upon the appearance of the ladies at a recent ball given at the Academy of Music:

> The toilets were superb in material but often tasteless in fashion. As a scheme to pay the national debt, one is minded to confiscate these splendid dames, and procure a Government sale of their attire. The heads! Whim and vagary can no further go. They are pyramids of false hair. They are obelisks of hirsute blocks. They are grand staircases of rolls and puffs, improperly swept, and with the dust flying. Diamond dust, indeed, and gold dust, but not the less tolerable, and not to be endured. No face is lovely enough to bear this utterly hideous arrangement of the hair.

"Doctor," inquired a lady, last week, of one of the most reliable physicians in New York city, "what about the cholera? Shall we have it here next spring?"

"Well," replied the physician, "you can judge as well as I—there is every reason to expect it."

"If so, what would you advise us to do? Run away from it?"

"Well, yes, I think I should, if in your place. You are somewhere in the vicinity of a bone-boiling factory, are you not? Dreadful concerns! Yes, I would certainly get out of the way of such a nuisance if the cholera prevails."

"We are dreadfully annoyed by that nauseating odor," replied the lady, "though not nearly so much as some of our friends who live not a dozen blocks from us. It is positively *awful* sometimes on the west side of the city. But I have often heard it said—though I never believed it—that, disagreeable as is the odor, it was not unhealthy, and consequently not a '*nuisance*' in the legal sense of the term."

"That is utterly false," responded the Doctor; "it is positively injurious to the health; and if cholera prevails, such nuisances will greatly increase the risk of remaining in the city. There will be a 'row' about that matter in the spring."

"I hope there will," returned the lady, emphatically; "I should like to help make it!"

The lady has "done what she could," in thus sending to us the opinion of one of the first physicians in the city, on the *healthfulness* of bone-boiling establishments.

The rich, whose brown-stone houses stand within the wide-spread, infected region, can leave their homes a prey to burglars next summer, and flee for their lives. But there are thousands who have neither money nor country seats, and *they* must remain, while some benevolent souls will risk their own lives to care for others.

The following incidents related by a visitor to the ruined town of Plymouth, North Carolina, is indicative of the state of feeling in that section of our country:

> Five of us were exploring a fort in the vicinity of Plymouth. We, the ladies, leaving our friends discussing some point of military architecture, passed around an embankment which hid them from our sight, and came suddenly upon an old negro who was removing for fire-wood the remnants of the abatis. He touched his hat in the most approved style and stepped aside for us to pass, but we stood still, and Miss M—— began a conversation with him.
>
> "Well, uncle, how do you enjoy your freedom?" she asked.
>
> He eyed her suspiciously for a moment; then putting on a look of stupidity and indifference, added:
>
> "Ah, missus, I don' know—don' know as I is free."
>
> "What!" we exclaimed, in astonishment; "don't know that you are free! What do you mean?"
>
> "No, missus," he persisted, "don' know nothin' 'bout it: nothin' 't all."
>
> Just at that moment one of the officials who accompanied us came up. As the negro caught sight of the Federal uniform the look of stupidity vanished as if by magic. Off came the old hat in a twinkling, and with a smile beaming all over his dark face, he turned to us exclaiming:
>
> "Oh! I know you now. You's not Secesh, you's friends; an' I know what I is too. Yes, missus, I's a *free man*, tank God!"

An interesting article recently appeared in one of our daily papers in regard to the city of New York fifty years ago. The writer stated that "the 'Delmonico' of fifty years ago was a colored man ('Billy') who lived in William Street, east of Frankfort, where it was the custom of prominent merchants, lawyers, and physicians to go, winter evenings, for *buckwheat cakes*. This was a general resort." He also remarked that when, "of a Sunday afternoon, we wanted exercise and fresh air, we would walk up to the State Prison, then a prominent feature far away out of the city, but now standing, almost unobserved, near Christopher Street. It then looked directly upon the river—now several streets intercept the view."

Nowadays nobody thinks any air or exercise worth speaking of can be obtained short of the Central Park. And when, as is the case the present season, the skating carnival is unusually extended, those who love the exhilarating sport never grudge a long journey to [illegible] it. Seldom, if ever, have the denizens of our city enjoyed this pastime so long and so thoroughly. It was estimated that not less than one hundred thousand visitors made their appearance in the Central Park one day last week, about eighty thousand of whom were on the ice during the day and evening. New York gathers on the skating ponds "her beauty and her chivalry," and "all [illegible] merry as a marriage bell."

A few days ago a man broke his leg in Chatham Street. A coach was procured, and he was sent, in charge of a police officer, to the City Hospital. He was refused admittance there because his injuries were not considered so severe as to prevent his removal to Bellevue Hospital. But at Bellevue they refused to receive him because he had been in the country only four weeks. Application was then made to the Commissioners of Emigration, but they could do nothing because the man's name was not registered on their books as an emigrant. Learning that the sufferer was a seaman, the officer endeavored to obtain permission to have him cared for in the Seaman's Retreat at Staten Island. But the poor fellow having no papers to prove that he was a sailor, this plan failed. By this time the unfortunate man's limb was much inflamed, and he suffered intense pain. Such being the case, the officer assumed the responsibility of conveying him, without a permit, to the Seaman's Retreat, where he was cheerfully received—after having been driven about, in search of a place where his broken leg could be dressed, *four mortal hours!* Comment is unnecessary.

They raise sweet potatoes on a large scale at the Sandwich Islands. The Honolulu *Advertiser* tells of one that measured 16 inches in length, 38 inches in circumference, and weighed 22 pounds! Such a potato ought to last a family a month.

Now that the "waterfall" is a little *passé* it is rumored that it originated, not in Paris, but in India! This is on the authority of Dr. Judson, the celebrated Baptist missionary, who in a letter, written thirty years ago, describing the costume of Karen women, said they wore fancifully-constructed bags inclosing the hair, suspended from the back part of the head.

A new style of engagement-ring is mentioned among the novelties in an English paper. It is composed of "three pieces, which can be separated but never disunited, and which the wearer alone, being in the secret, is able to readjust into the true centre-knot."

In a London literary weekly appears a long list of the "ages of English writers." A few of the more popularly known will be of interest:

> Wilkie Collins, 42; John Ruskin, 47; Rev. C. Kingsley, 47; Captain Mayne Reid, 48; Anthony Trollope, 51; Charles Reade, 52; R. Browning, 54; Charles Mackay, 54; Dickens, 54; Tennyson, 57; Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, 61; Benjamin Disraeli, 61; Barry Cornwall, 67; T. Carlyle, 70.

An exchange says:

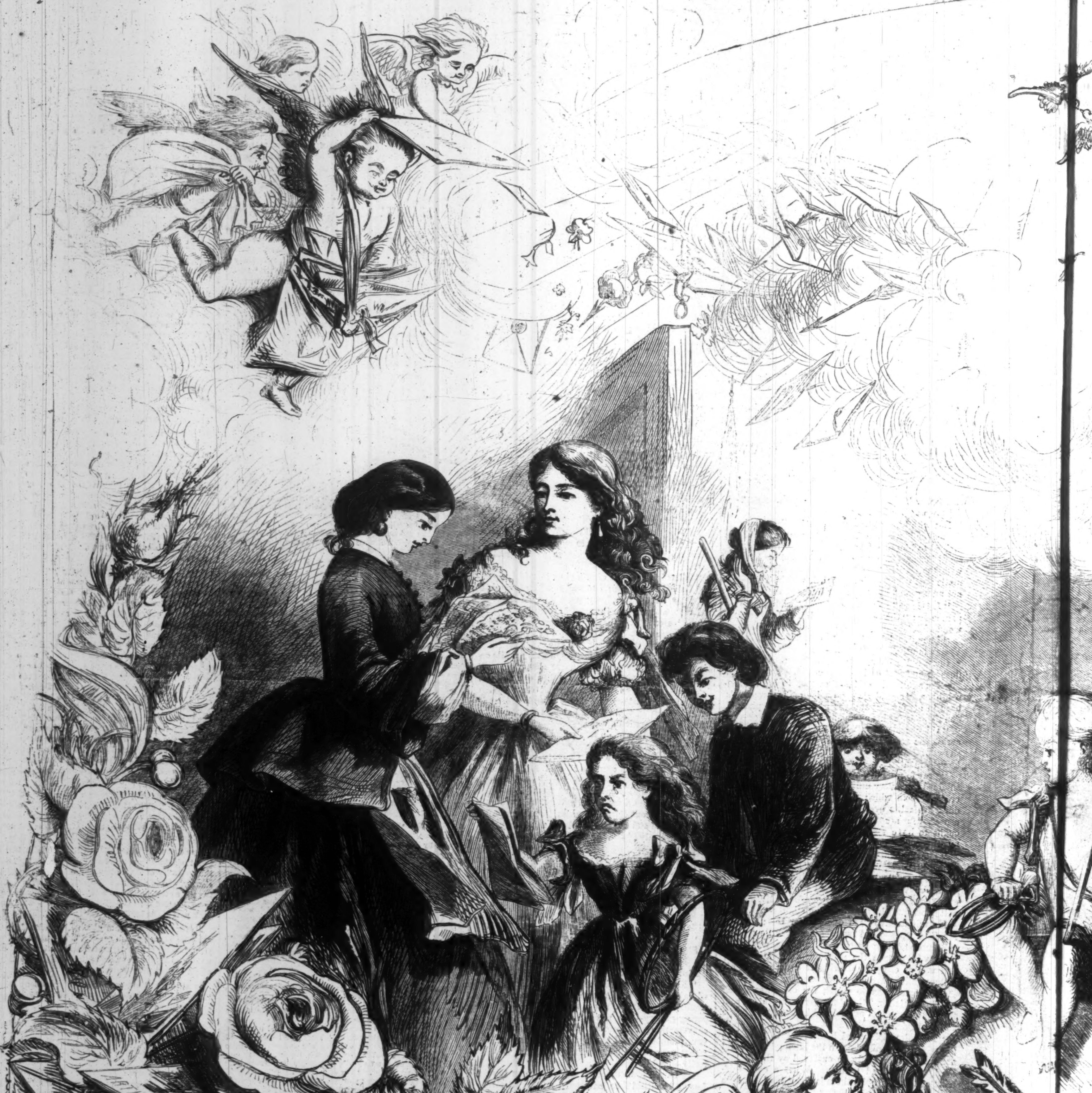
> A lady of our acquaintance, young, lovely, and intelligent, called on a celebrated physician to do "something" for a rush of blood to the head.
>
> "I have been doctoring myself," said the languid fair one, with a smile, to the bluff though kind M.D., while he was feeling her pulse.
>
> "Ah! how?"
>
> "Why, I have taken Brandreth's Pills, Parr's Pills, Stranberg's Pills, Sand's Sarsaparilla, Jayne's Expectorant, used Dr. Sherman's Lozenges and Plaster, and—"
>
> "My Heavens, madam," interrupted the astonished doctor, "all these do your complaint no good!"
>
> "No! Then what shall *I* take?" pettishly inquired the patient.
>
> "Take!" exclaimed the doctor, eying her from head to foot; "take!" exclaimed he, after a moment's reflection; "why, take off your corsets!"

Those who read the interesting article on "Diamonds and other Precious Stones," which appeared in the last number of *Harper's Magazine*, may realize how easily the eye can be deceived from the following little anecdote, cut from a recent London journal:

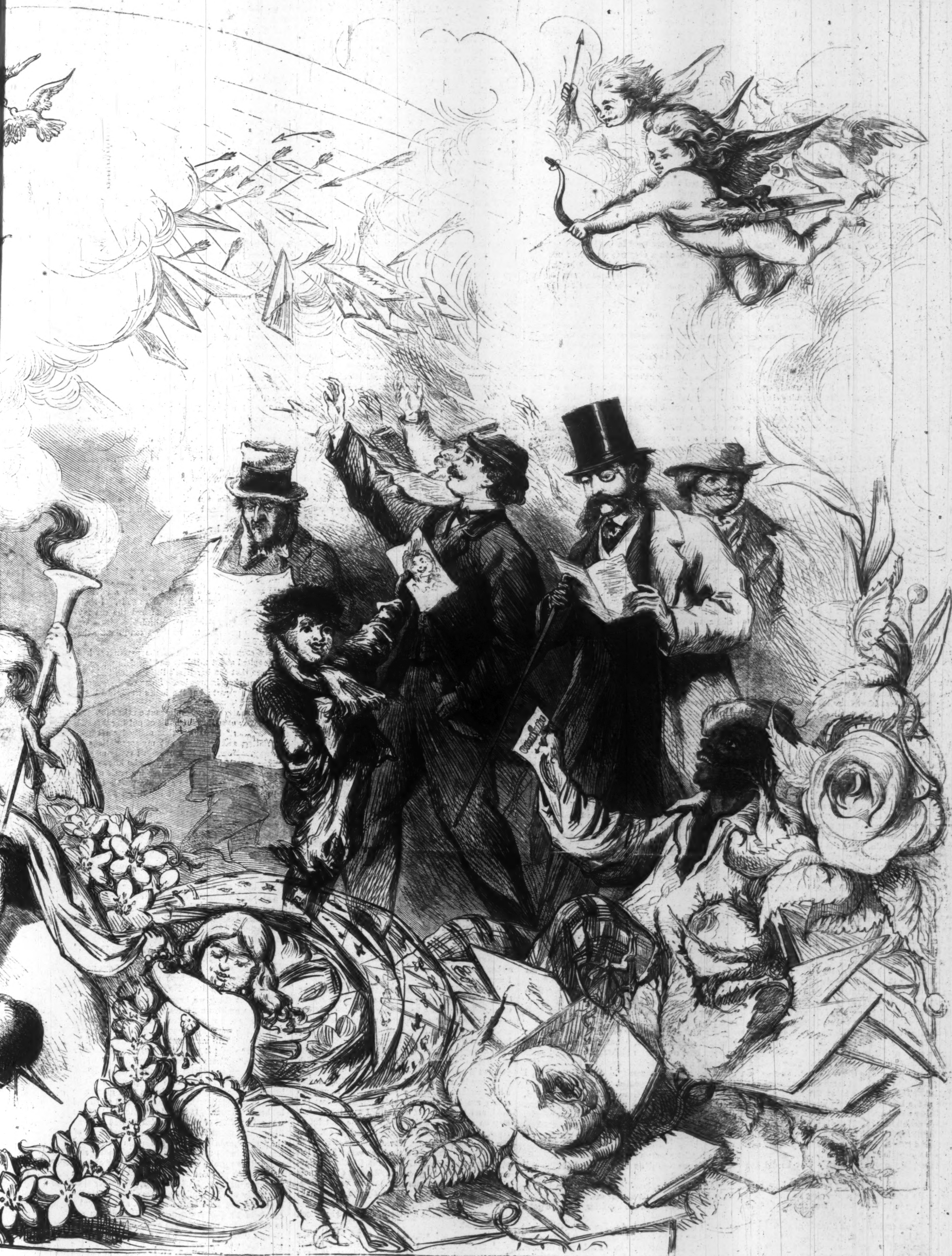
> "An extravagant baronet, well-known at the Clubs in St. James's, being, on one of very many occasions, hard pressed for money, bribed his wife's waiting woman to procure for him her ladyship's casket of diamonds, with which he forthwith proceeded to the family jeweler, expressing a wish that he would substitute the best paste for the real article, when her ladyship would be none the wiser; to which the lapidary unhesitatingly replied, '*Why, Sir Charles, I did that for my lady more than twelve months since!!!*' thus showing that 'my lady' was quite as *fast* as her 'lord,' and in nothing was he her 'master.'"

The following directions to a portrait-painter are characteristic of *some persons*:

> "'Represent me in my portrait,' said a gentleman, 'with a book in my hand, and reading aloud. Paint my servant also, in a corner where he can not be seen, but in such a manner that he may hear me when I call him.'"



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.—[By



[By Arthur Lumley.]

ABOARD THE "PROMISED LAND."

THE "good ship" *Promised Land* really deserved that praise. She was new, had made only one voyage, in a remarkably short space of time, was copper-fastened, two hundred tons burden, was of course registered A 1 at Lloyd's, and was now loading at the St. Winifred's Docks. Many had read the enticing and almost appetizing advertisement, which had been in the *Times* for many days, under heading of "Steam to the Brazils," of the "spacious poop and after-decks," the "airy and well-ventilated saloons," and the decks "flush from end to end, and offering an agreeable and unobstructed promenade," of the surgeon, who was "experienced," of the "fire-annihilator," which was infallible, of the "water-condensing apparatus," and, above all, of that "Favorite" Captain, Robert Magregor, who was "so well known on the American station." This collection of nautical blessings irresistibly induced me, when appointed engineer for surveying a new line of railway in the Brazils, to choose the new "bark-rigged liner," the *Promised Land*, and her Favorite Captain, Robert Magregor.

That was rather a dismal first meeting of all the passengers in the saloon. There was a Spanish-looking actress, a wife or two of a consul, two or three commercial travelers, a couple of officers and their wives, some Frenchmen, some Germans—with, in fact, the almost unvarying elements which make up the complement of a packet bound on a long voyage. One gentleman I particularly noticed, who was taking supper, with great relish, by himself. He had come on board early, had established himself early in one of the best cabins, and had put every thing he wanted in its "proper place." When nearly every one was like a moody and troubled spirit, going up on deck and coming down again, and poking into wrong cabins, and lurching over unseen trunks and packages, he was perfectly and calmly at home. By eleven o'clock he had finished his supper, had read the evening paper through by a wax-candle, as he would have done at his club, and had gone comfortably to bed. This gentleman's name was Colter, a Chancery barrister in fair practice, who had been ordered a long sea-voyage to strengthen his chest, and enable him the better to direct his voice at their "L'dships."

In the morning we were tossing about in the Channel. The sea was dull and angry, and the "bark-rigged-liner" rode heaving and lurching. Already the bulk of the passengers were in their misery, to the music of the "hish" of the waters, and the straining and creaking of the inside timbers. It was a dark day, too, was raining on deck, and only a bare half-dozen appeared at breakfast. Captain Robert Magregor came down himself, and sat at the head. He was a surprisingly young man for a Favorite Captain, but of a stout build, with sandy hair and large fair face, and a very Scotch accent. "Stiff bit of weather to begin with," he said, cheerfully; "always the better, though, for my passengers; they get into it at once and have it all over. I wish we had a good storm at once, to try this vessel. She'd stand any thing, Sir. Go any where. Built under my own eye."

The Chancery barrister was, of course, there, picking out the best bits of broiled ham and eggs with his fork. I saw him well. Tall, thin, with a yellowish face, and "thin hair, besprinkled spare." "Captain," he said, abruptly, "what was the stoppage last night? It awoke me. Somewhere off Gravesend, eh?"

"Yes," said the captain, "off Gravesend it was—a small hooker came alongside, with two passengers. We nearly ran 'em down; serve 'em right, too. Pretty thing, stopping a vessel in her course! And only the agent would have been making a row, and talking of the company, and perhaps stop the passage-money out of my salary, I'd have let 'em shout till they were hoarse."

"And now, captain," said the barrister, buttering toast, with a rasping, crackling sound, "what were they like—men, women, or children?"

"A woman, Sir—a lady, I suppose we must call her," the captain said, with disgust. "Nice thing, isn't it—ladies coming out in hookers to stop mail-packets on the high seas?"

"And where is she now?" said the barrister, eating a fresh egg. "Breakfast in berth, eh?"

"I suppose so," said Captain Magregor, angrily. "Of course, she's sick. By Jove, the wind's freshening again!" he said, rising; "this is the style of thing. It looks like a *good* storm before night."

All that day the weather freshened; by dinner-time it was almost a storm, and we had less company at the table than even at breakfast.

This all went on for a couple of days, when things began to mend. The storm abated altogether; and one morning we arose to the smoothest and most lovely weather that could be conceived. The passengers came crawling out of their burrows, with miserable faces, but with some hope. They plucked up wonderfully, as some one remarked. In fact, at the breakfast-table all but some children were assembled. The captain was at the head, a little down at the loss of his stormy weather, and I and Mr. Colter near him.

"We are all here?" said the barrister; "a difference to the first day, eh? By-the-way, where's the Gravesend lady? She that woke us up out of our sleep—eh, captain?"

The captain answered gruffly that he did not know.

"You should have all your passengers here, captain. No excuse such a morning as this. No breakfasting in bed—in berth, I mean—it's bad for the morale of the ship."

The Scotch captain shook himself at this.

"We'll have none o' that, aboard. No favor or exceptions. Here, steward! You're not to take in breakfast to any one—d'ye hear?"

"No, Sir. Only that lady in No. 20."

"Has she been ill?"

"No, Sir, the stewardess says. She had dinner yesterday there, and tea and breakfast ever since she came aboard."

The captain almost leaped up with anger.

"This is outrageous. My orders defied by any woman. Lady or woman, it's all one. I'll have the same discipline for all. That's logic, Mr. Colter."

"And good logic, too," said that gentleman.

"Ay, ay. The ship before every thing. And see, steward. Tell that lady—what's her name?"

"Mrs. Arlington, Sir."

Mr. Colter, at hearing this name, started.

"Arlington!" he said. "Are you sure?"

"Why," said the captain, "what's there in it?"

Mr. Colter seemed to be ashamed of having started or shown surprise.

"Nothing," he said. "There's a leading case, you know—Arlington and Hooker—very nearly the same point as the rule in Shelley's case, but cut down a good deal, you know."

"Well, tell Mrs. Arlington she must be here for dinner or go without any. That's blunt; but it's the fact and truth."

The captain went on deck.

"Now," said Mr. Colter to me, "why should that lady, who has come on board in an exceptional manner, and who has not been in the least ill (as, indeed, I found out in a very odd way, for I saw her reflected in the little sky-light of my berth, and reading and working all through the storm)—why shouldn't she come in and take her meals with us—eh?"

"Well, I never thought of it in that way," I said.

At dinner that day—the fine weather still continuing—all the passengers were assembled, except one. Just as the covers were taken off a little rustle was heard, and a tall, graceful lady stood at the door, looking down the long table as if for a place. She was very neatly cut out of the great human material—slight—was in a purple silk—had a very small face and features—soft hair, with a tiny cap. She seemed almost as shy as a girl, and about two-and-thirty years of age. The lawyer got up, and, with much bustle, caused room to be made for her opposite—near the captain—who shook himself angrily, like a Newfoundland dog.

"Expect every one to be on time on board the *Promised Land*," he said, roughly. "Can't allow any eating and drinking in the cabins. So I hope, in future, ma'am—"

She was quite composed, and answered him with a soft voice: "I beg pardon, indeed, Captain Magregor. I did not know the rules—indeed, no. But in future you will find me the most obedient of all your passengers."

"Well, I hope so," he said. "Get this lady some soup."

The barrister, who had his eye on her all this time, said to her, graciously:

"Hope you have not suffered during the rough weather?"

She answered softly, and with an expression of pain:

"I always suffer. I am almost always a martyr."

"Why," said the Scotch captain, "we know that you weren't ill during the storm, for you had your meals in regularly, and this gentleman here saw you sitting up, reflected in some way on his sky-light, reading away, when it was blowing great guns. Now?"

She raised her eyes from her plate and turned them steadily on the barrister. He helped himself to wine—very coolly.

"You are determined to be hard on poor me, Captain Magregor," she said. "I did not say that I *was* sick, but that I was *almost always* sick. I will even appeal to that gentleman who used reflectors to see how I employed my time."

The barrister laughed. "That's putting it very strongly against me. But if I had had such a reflector the other night when our vessel was stopped, and mysterious passengers came on board, that would be worth something. What do you say, captain?"

"I say it was a thing I wouldn't do again, for this lady or for any lady."

Again her eyes were studying the barrister very carefully.

He said, suddenly, as if putting a question:

"You were coming home from foreign service—you and your husband?"

She almost started, looked at him, then answered steadily, with her wonderful eyes on him:

"Well, yes, supposing we were?"

"Oh, certainly," said he, with great politeness; "I have no right to put inquisitive questions."

"No more," she said, with a firm smile, "than you have to construct those reflectors of yours. Even my enemy here, Captain Magregor, wouldn't resort to that."

"It must have been very perilous," continued the barrister, addressing her, "that coming on board in an open boat on a rough night. It required great courage," he said, looking round with a smile, "or great pressure and necessity. From Gravesend, I think you said," he repeated.

"Suppose it *were* Gravesend," she answered, with a smile which was not a smile of pleasure. "Would you like to hear," she went on, calmly, "my birth-place, names of relations, age next birthday, and other particulars according to a census paper?"

The barrister put up his hands to his face.

"Serve me right," he said; "a capital hit—well sent home too."

"Ah!" said she, laughing; "I wish to hit nobody, provided they do not hit me."

"At any rate," said the barrister, "I have got a lesson."

But I don't think he had. For at tea that night he came up to the table, laughing. "Look here," he said; "I am incorrigible. I belong to the law. So that is my excuse. You know the challenge you gave me about a census paper? Well, I have been working my head ever since, as I should do at a brief for the Vice-Chancellor to-morrow morning. May I tell you what I have found, provided I tell you how?"

The faintest flush of uneasiness passed over that piquant face, but she hid it by setting back the little cap. "Do as you please," she said, with a smile. "You know I am helpless. Captain Magregor here, who I thought would be my protector, is turned against me; so every body is privileged."

"First," said Mr. Colter, "you are married, madam, or were married, and your husband's name is Charles H. Arlington—a captain in her Majesty's Ninetieth Regiment of Foot, now stationed at Chatham."

She almost started out of her seat, a strange wildness came into her eyes, with a dash of fury, as she bent over to the barrister.

"What do you mean?" she said, in a thick voice. Every one had been listening, and now turned to each other with surprise and wonder. In a moment her face had changed. She had burst into tears, and, with her handkerchief to her face, she just uttered the words, "He is dead! how unkind!" and floated away out of the saloon.

Many reproachful eyes were turned on the barrister.

"Come, I say, Mr. Colter," said the captain, who had looked after her with much compassion, "this is going a little too far, I think. A helpless woman is no match for a clever lawyer. It ain't equal, you know. Poor soul!"

"'Pon my word," said the eager barrister, "I meant nothing—I really did not. It was a mere chance shot. I knew her name was Arlington. So I looked in an Army List."

The next morning, when the wind had again freshened, I went up very early upon deck. It was a cool, delicious morning, and the vessel was bending through the waves with a sharp, breezy decision that is always very acceptable. It was about seven, and I was sure I should have the deck all to myself; but, to my surprise, there was the captain leaning against the mainmast, with a lady in a little hood talking to him. I knew both hood and lady. Presently they began to walk about, and the captain pointed out this "stay" and that rope. In all these things she seemed to take an eager interest, and I could see was asking all sorts of questions, which he answered very readily, and with great alacrity and pleasure. Then he came toward me and explained the compasses, and then she went to the very end of the vessel, where she stood up on the forecastle in the breeze, and looked down on the hissing waters with more courage than, perhaps, I could have done, and looked like a statue. I was leaning on the side of the vessel, looking at her in this attitude, when I heard a voice close at my ear: "A fine morning!" It was Mr. Colter, the barrister.

"I thought we should have the deck nearly to ourselves," he said, and walked down toward the pair at the end. When the lady saw him coming she jumped down. She said nothing to him beyond "Good-morning!" but that was said with an air of defiance.

That day the luggage "wanted on the voyage" was to be got up—a grand ceremonial of unpacking for passengers, and a remarkably busy and amusing scene. Every one got up his trunk, and got out things which he could not or would not want. Still it was an amusement, and even play-things are welcome upon a voyage. Every one was unlocking and unpacking, even the great Chancery barrister, Mr. Colter, Q.C.

At dinner we were all in great spirits. The captain had given Champagne, which was much enjoyed by the lady who sat near him. Her eyes began to sparkle, and she talked very pleasantly and with great animation. I noticed that Captain Magregor listened with extraordinary attention to every thing she said, spoke very little himself, not even a word about his beloved ship.

"We deserve this," said the barrister, gayly, "after our hard work to-day. Excellent wine it is!"

"You should drink, Mr. Colter, to our full and perfect reconciliation; and promise, over Captain Magregor's capital Champagne, so kindly given, never to offend me any more. You must get rid of your animosity to me. Will you promise?"

"Certainly," he answered, merrily, "with all my heart. I am deeply penitent. I feel as if I had committed contempt of court, and had been told to attend at the sitting of his lordship to-morrow. Indeed, how could I feel any thing but cordial good-will to a person about whom I am beginning gradually to know every thing!"

"Know every thing?" she said, a frown coming on her forehead. "You are beginning again. Now, I warn you!"

"Yes," said he, "but we have not drunk our Champagne together yet. It is really the oddest thing. There must be some mysterious relation between us, for these things force themselves on me. Now to-day, at the luggage, I found out your house and street!"

"Champagne, ma'am?" said the waiter.

"No," she said, fiercely, "I'll not drink with you. I'll have no reconciliation."

"Pray hear me first," he said. "Stay a moment, waiter. I saw a portmanteau swung up rather roughly, when the side grazed against the hold, and half tore off a card. I saw it wouldn't stay on a minute, and really with the best intentions, though you won't credit it, took it off. On the face was your name, Mrs. Arlington, written in a very pretty hand. On the back was, 'To be left at Captain Arlington's, Grove Villa, Chatham. Seven and sixpence to pay. 11/6/66.' (You know the odd way they write that.) The very day before our vessel sailed. Obviously the trunk-maker's bill for a lock or repairs."

She almost ground her teeth, and the wine shook in her hand.

"You will not stop till you get a lesson," she said, grimly. "I am not a woman to let myself be persecuted. I can do nothing myself; but if I ask other gentlemen"—and she looked at Captain Magregor—"I am sure they will help me. Perhaps the next thing you will tell us at dinner, that you have opened my little trunk and searched it."

"I think," said Captain Magregor, who had been appealed to, "you might let this lady's affairs alone. If we have barristers aboard, I don't see why we need have barristers' ways. In fact, now, as captain of this craft, I tell you plainly, Mr. Colter, I won't have it. I have authority here, and I must require you to give over prying into this lady's business, or looking into her trunks and that sort of thing."

He looked to her, whose eyes turned to him with speechless gratitude. There was a silence. Half the table heard that speech. Mr. Colter drank a little wine, then called in a clear voice to a gentleman a few places from him:

"Mr. Wilson! you were next me to-day when a portmanteau came out of the hold with a card hanging to it. Would that card have dropped off at a touch?"

"At a touch," said Mr. Wilson.

"Did I save it from dropping back into the hold?"

"You did," said Mr. Wilson.

"Who was it first perceived that there was writing on the back?"

"I did, certainly," said Mr. Wilson. "In fact, I remarked it as the trunk came up."

"There!" said Mr. Colter, calmly. "So much for looking into this lady's trunks. As for my remark yesterday about the husband of this lady, I looked, out of the merest idle curiosity, to see his rank and regiment, in an Army List—"

"An Army List!" she repeated, starting.

"Yes," he went on. "An Army List *of the present* month, and this is only the seventeenth, and I found him there. But that, of course, must be a printer's error (these things are edited so carelessly), for I think we understood you to say your husband is not alive?"

"Never," she answered, excitedly. "I said I was afraid he might be dead or dying, as I left him very ill."

"Then I mistook," he went on. "Now, that being so, I appeal to the company whether our excellent captain has not traveled a little beyond what is proper in the way he has spoken to me. Really it seems to me a little unwarrantable! and if I was one of your people with a grievance, and were to bring the matter officially before my friend Sir Charles Robinson, chairman of the company, he might look at it rather seriously. Now, I put it to our captain, a brave man, and one of the best seamen going, whether he has not been a little rough with me to-day."

The captain colored.

"Well," said he, "perhaps I spoke too strongly, and perhaps you are right, Mr. Colter. You know I have great responsibility."

The look of anger and contempt the lady gave him was beyond description. She rose at once.

"I see you have deserted me," she said, in a whisper, to the captain. "Well, so be it. I shall go on deck and make the wind and the sea my friends. They, indeed, are faithful."

And she passed out. In about ten minutes the captain followed her.

Very soon the curiosity of the passengers had been excited about this lady and her doings; and I could see that the barrister's little speech had produced a marked impression. Some of the gentlemen took her part; but the ladies were, to a lady, against her.

The barrister was very pleasant on the subject.

"I have got so into the habit of putting this and that together," he said, "that really I can't help speculating, and following out my speculations in this way. Now, this lady, though I really may be putting myself in bodily risk (for who knows how she may turn out? and she gives me such wicked looks), is really quite like a child's puzzle to me; and positively I must put it together successfully before the voyage is out."

There was a rustle behind us, and she was standing at the top of the table. She had heard him. There was the same twitch of vexation in her mouth.

"No warnings," she said, with a smile, "will do you good. Take care; other people may be fond of puzzles too."

"Nothing can be fairer," he said, laughing.

He was walking on deck that evening, when I saw her come up to him with a very sad and bewitching face. I could hear her low voice almost pleading. As I passed close by, I heard her say something about—

"Oh, so clever! with such a reputation as you!"

To which he replied:

"Oh, nonsense. You never heard of my name before, unless you had been reading conveyances and deeds all your life. No, no."

The next thing we heard was that the captain had given up his own private cabin to the strange lady. She had come on board late, and had to put up with the worst accommodation. This inflamed all the ladies still more, but more particularly Mr. Colter, who said it was "an instance of singular partiality." That very day we saw an English brig bearing down on us with a signal of distress flying. This was welcome news to the passengers, and brought every one up from below with glasses, to share in the excitement. We slackened speed and let her come near. It turned out, after all, that she was only "short of water," which created quite an ill feeling against the brig, and sent down most of the passengers in disgust. The captain came aboard our vessel in his long boat, and was presently surrounded by a group asking him all manner of questions, which provided a great subject of discussion at dinner that day. After dinner, Mr. Colter said, in his gay way, "While you were all talking to the captain, I got hold of the steward, and secured a couple of English newspapers. What do you say to that? I suppose no one ever thought of that; though there is not much news, except—except—indeed—" and he kept looking up and down the columns, searching for his bit of news, "one of the usual dreadful murders," he said. "Where is it?"

As he spoke, I was made to look up by an angry and impatient rustle opposite, and there saw the eyes of the lady fixed on him with such an expression of mixed terror and agony, that I was really startled.

"At Chatham, I think it was," he said: "near to your part of the world. So you had a lucky escape, Mrs. Arlington."

She was growing pale and red by turns, her hands were grasping the table with a clutch, and she half rose to go.

"Ah, here it is!"

"What do you mean by this?" she said.

He did not affect to see her, but I saw him steal a look at her.

"Why, you are not well," said Captain Magregor. "Take my arm, and come on deck."

"You won't wait to hear the exciting details?" said Mr. Colter. "Why, I declare, it's not at Chatham, after all. It was at Portsmouth. Yes, at Portsmouth. How stupid of me!"

A curious expression of relief came into her face. "It was only for a moment," she said. "You know my poor husband is lying ill there, and these things happen so often."

"Ah, I see," said the captain.

"Was the murderer a sergeant—one Ridley?" asked a passenger.

"Yes! God bless me, yes!" said Mr. Colter. "How did you find that out?"

"Why, that all happened before we left England. I read it in the *Times* a week before. The fellow must be hanged by this time."

"Well, well," said Mr. Colter, laying down his paper, "after that I give it all up. I am getting stupid. I may retire from the profession."

The correcting passenger laughed and received a step in rank on the spot, in respect, from his fellow-passengers.

Meanwhile our captain never abated in his attentions to the lady, though he grew more gloomy and moody every day. He had lost all his enthusiasm for his ship, and never talked of her in a boastful and affectionate way. On the other hand, carrying out his view of studying every thing that came in his way, Mr. Colter had latterly taken great interest in the ship, and all about her, "just to fill in the time," he said. Every day at noon, when the observations were taken, he was careful to assist, and picked up the outlines of navigation in a very short time. Even the mate pronounced that he'd work the reckoning "afore to-morrow next day." This was always his way, Mr. Colter said, "because," he added, "who knows but a navigation case might be briefed to me? Last year I had a dyeing case, and I made up all the chemicals in a week." By-and-by the mate's prophecy actually came true, and Mr. Colter worked out the ship's reckoning for himself in a very satisfactory way.

The next day a great dark steamer, homeward-bound, came in sight, which the captain, eagerly getting his glass, and making the lady who stood near him look at, pronounced to be one of the Cunard vessels. As it drew near all the passengers got out their letters, which, after a short parley, were sent on board; and it steamed away out of sight. This was a real incident, and was talked over eagerly and noisily at dinner. Mr. Colter, to whom the captain was very cool and yet very submissive since their little discussion, quite taking the lead. "Such a mail as went on board," he said; "all of us writing home to our fathers and mothers, daughters, wives, and husbands. By-the-way," he went on gayly, and with his eye on the lady, "I didn't see you give a contribution, not a line, to that poor husband in the barracks at home, sitting in his bare room, coming back from their dull mess."

She colored, and again that fierce contortion of impatience came into her face. "How do you know?" she said. "Is the next thing to be that I am to show you all my letters before I post them?"

"God forbid," he answered, laughing, "if I had to read or look at ladies' long letters. No, no, Mrs. Arlington, only, as I always tell you, you are quite a study to me." He laughed again. "But come now," he went on, half addressing those near him, "I *did* remark that Mrs. Arlington missed the post, or did not know there was a mail going, and thus lost such an opportunity of writing to her husband. It was very unlucky."

Some of the passengers looked one at the other, for by this time—and really in part owing to these hints of the barrister—a sort of mystery of suspicion began to get among them about this lady. There was nothing to do, monotony was beginning to set in, so that even a little suspicion was welcome. This little fact, therefore, started so innocently by Mr. Colter, was taken up readily, and speculated over very often. And the looks of fury and secret hostility that naturally came into her face—as I surprised her often looking at "her persecutor"—were remarkable. Really he was carrying it all too far. But he never seemed to tire of it. A little passage that took place between them a couple of mornings later "intrigued" us all yet more.

"I am hungry this morning," he began, addressing the company as usual, "and do you know who is the reason? No one would guess, I am sure. Mrs. Arlington, *you* are the reason I am hungry. What is this, fried collops? Yes, Mrs. A. is the reason." Again she was in great confusion. The ladies' eyes were upon her. "Now for the explanation. Mrs. Arlington spilled some of my chocolate this morning. I think you did it on purpose. The steward was carrying it in (I always have it at home, and I must say the lad makes it *nearly* as well as my own man), and Mrs. Arlington here ran against him, spilled some of it, and the poor boy brought it in afterward to my cabin, and wanted to know should he make more. Of course I said no. But I didn't even take what was left."

The public were a little disappointed at this story, which they could not follow. The only thing they enjoyed was her really helpless state of confusion and terror. And after that morning the impression still more evidently prevailed that there was something very odd about the strange lady. Later, we all knew the signification of this chocolate story.

The *Promised Land* had now been some seven or eight days out, and with fair weather. We were all getting tolerably well shaken down into the ship, as Mr. Colter said. This eighth day was remarkably fine, with a bright sun out, and the one or two always sick passengers came creeping out of their berths to get a little fresh air and sun. Poor souls! Every one was happy, but the only curious thing was the behavior of the captain, who all the day long had his powerful double-glasses to his eyes searching the horizon far and near. This at first was not attended to; but, as he continued anxiously at this all the day, even sending men to the mast-head, and keeping a little boy there till he nearly fell off, people began to wonder, and then to ask. The first to take notice was Mr. Colter: "Not looking for land, surely?" he said, with a smile. "I made up a reckoning with the mate, and we are in latitude so and so."

The captain answered him roughly: "I can look through my glasses, I suppose, without having to give an account of myself, Mr. Colter? We leave our witness-boxes at home on board this ship." And walked away down to the cabin to the lady; then came up, and spoke to the man at the wheel. It was now about five o'clock, and time for dinner. Mr. Colter, who was very friendly with the mate, and talked with him a good deal about the ship and her handling, now walked over to take a look at the binnacle before going down. "Why, look here, Cobbett," he said, "we're taking a bend out of our course. Eh? What d'ye say?"

"Yes, we are, Sir," said the mate. "What's this, Jim?"

"Cap'en bid me keep a quarter-point or so to nor'ard," said the steersman.

"Very odd," said Mr. Colter.

"I don't know what's coming over the cap'en," said Cobbett, thoughtfully. "I think," he added, cautiously, "he's now after one of the Haver liners (so he pronounced it) for New York, which we should meet about here. That's what's at the bottom of it, Sir. I suspect he wants news, or something."

"Oh, indeed," said Mr. Colter, and went down to dinner. At this meal the captain and lady were both restless, and spoke little. Mr. Colter was cheerful. When it was nearly done, a steward's boy came in, and whispered to the captain, who got up hastily, and went on deck. This motion excited curiosity. What could it be?

After dessert had been put on, Mr. Colter, wiping his mouth with his napkin, said, gayly, "I really must see what it is all about."

"Ah, you may see and see again," said Mrs. Arlington, with extraordinary fierceness, "but you will not find out much, or be able to *interfere* much *now*."

"I?" said he, good-humoredly. "Not I, indeed. But a little walk on deck can do no harm." He went up, and presently many followed, for curiosity is stronger than wine.

The evening and the half darkness had come on. The sky-lights over the saloon looked like gorgeous illuminated globes. The sea was fresh, and cool, and blue, and the moon, seeming to be out a little before its time, was shining. Many faces were looking out to the one point where there was a black patch, and a twinkling red and green light growing larger every moment. Many fingers pointed it out to each other. "See the Haver packet!" said Cobbett, coming up to Mr. Colter; "we're out of our course by three hours. Nigh on forty mile. Only think! Of course it's his affair, and he'll see what the owners will say."

The captain was on his paddle-box, giving orders.

"We're going at full speed, you see," said the mate. "She's a faster boat, and won't lie by for us. The French skipper knows *his* dooty to *his* company."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Colter. "Where's Mrs. Arlington?"

She was in her cabin. By-and-by some boxes were coming up from the hold. Presently she herself came up, dressed in her shawls and cloaks, and with all her baskets and packages. "I see," said Mr. Colter again.

"Perhaps you do," she said, "but not for much longer. I am going at last to be set free from your insolent and unmanly persecutions. This kind captain is going to put me on board that vessel which is bound for New York."

By this time a knot of leading passengers had gathered round, listening with wonder. We were gradually drawing nearer to the vessel. The captain was coming down from his paddle-box with triumph.

"We shall overhaul her yet," he said. "They have seen our signals. They are getting out the boat so as to have it ready. They have stopped at last."

He was turning to go, when Mr. Colter, suddenly changing his habitual jocular manner, said: "Just a word with you, captain, before you move in this matter."

He took him by the arm, and led him away down to the end of the vessel, the captain going sulkily. Mrs. Arlington was very restless during this interview, but she looked very often toward the dark French ship.

In a moment they both came back. The captain was very excited.

"I'll not listen to you, Sir. You should be ashamed of yourself. I sha'n't move in the business, or listen to such calumnies."

"Brave and gallant protector," she said, taking the captain's hand. "I knew I had a friend in you who would stand by me."

"Then you force me to appeal to the passengers, and to them I *shall* appeal."

"You would not be so cowardly—so cruel," she said, half imploringly.

"I shall tell them what I know *and can prove* as soon as we touch land. I shall tell them that this woman—"

"Tell what you like," said the captain, doggedly. "Here's the vessel, and go on board she shall."

In fact we were now drifting up beside the great black figure of the French steamer, breathing and blowing off the steam like a tired horse. The men were in the boat, and the trunks were about being swung over the side.

"Well, then," said Mr. Colter, "if you won't listen to reason, I shall go too. New York will be very pleasant, and *we have an extradition treaty with that country*."

There was a pause. The two stood looking at each other, the lady trembling and breathing hard. The voice of the French captain was heard through a speaking-trumpet.

"Well, then," said she, with a sort of dreadful smile; "since you are so positive in the matter I suppose you must have your way. I am very sorry to have given these foreign gentlemen all this trouble; but it is better to submit than to have a scene. I shall never be able, Mr. Colter, to repay you for all your intrusive kindness."

She hurried down again to her cabin, but her last look at the barrister was one no one could forget.

The vessel was put on her old course.

For some days more the voyage continued. Still the lady did not come into the cabin for meals. "I have given her leave," said the captain, ferociously. "I suppose I have *that* power aboard my own ship, and I'd like to see the man that will dispute it."

"So should I," said Mr. Colter, smiling. "Poor Jack would be laid in irons, and properly so. The law gives you full power, cap'en, to a certain extent. We *must all support the law, cap'en*. The legal theory is, that the deck of every English vessel is a portion of the British soil."

The captain answered nothing. It was the last day. We were to be off the coast by evening. By evening we were off the coast, near a tongue of land and a light-house. But it was nearly dark. Passengers were all in excitement. A splash of oars was heard alongside, and the Customs officers, some green-looking men in brigand hats, came on board. They went through the usual business. To our surprise we heard Mr. Colter talking, in what was apparently excellent Spanish, with the leader of the party. The leader was very obsequious, and touched his hat often. Mr. Colter gave him a letter as the boat went away—two were left behind in charge of the vessel.

Mr. Colter was literally now regarded as a being of mysterious power.

About nine that night (we were all to land in the morning) another boat was heard coming alongside, and a gentleman came up the side, who in English asked the captain to see Mr. Colter. The captain asked his business a little gruffly. "I am the consul here," said the other.

Mr. Colter, who was smoking, came up. The consul took off his hat. "I hope Lord Boxminster is well," he said, obsequiously. "His lordship wrote to me by the last mail. We shall do every thing we can for you, Mr. Colter. Would you like to come ashore to-night and sleep on dry land—at a hotel? I can manage that."

"Well then, do you know, I should," said Mr. Colter, gayly. "I have, however, a few little things to put together first."

"Hope you enjoyed the voyage," said the consul.

"Well I *did*, since you ask me," he answered. "It has really been like Westminster Hall all the way. I suppose you can give me half an hour?"

Half an hour after that he came into the saloon muffled up to go. I and the captain were the only people there. "Good-by," said Mr. Colter, good-humoredly, "for the present. It seems a little invidious my being the *only one allowed to go ashore*, but I shall be back in the morning. Good-by."

"And what legacy do you leave behind?" said a woman's voice close by. We looked up and saw flashing eyes, and distorted features, and a quivering lip.

"Good gracious!" said Mr. Colter.

"What legacy? I say," she repeated; "a noble, manly, and chivalrous one! You a gentleman? No; I will tell you what you are—a miserable spy, a common detective! God forgive you!"

"What strange language!" said Mr. Colter, looking round.

"If I was a low creature I would curse you," she went on, in a fury; "I would pray—as I will pray to-night—that the boat which takes you to shore may open and sink to the bottom. You mean, unworthy spy, you! You mouchard, you! You crawling, creeping, sneaking spy; this is the dirty work *you* love! Curse you, I say!"

"What language!" said Mr. Colter, not in the least disturbed.

"What have I done to you? Why did you fasten on me from the beginning of the voyage—a poor woman that did you no harm—tell me that—eh?"

Mr. Colter suddenly became grave. (It was a curious and most exciting scene; the yellow oil lamps of the saloon playing on her face.)

"Since you ask me," he said, "I shall tell you—something, at least. Young William Arlington, your husband—*that was*—"

"Was?" she repeated, faltering.

"—was the son of a very dear friend of mine. I knew something of his history—how the foolish boy had been entrapped into a marriage at Boulogne with a sort of half French woman that no one knew any thing of, and about whom there were strange rumors. Now, Mrs. Arlington?"

"False, false—every word of it," she said, furiously.

"We shall see," he said, gathering up his coats and shawls. "I shall not appear much more in this business. Others will look after it. Sorry no one else is allowed on shore. Good-night all."

She gave a half shriek and shook her hand at him.

"May that boat of yours sink you, sink you, sink—"

She stopped herself and rushed back into her cabin, for stray passengers were looking out in wonder. I could not for a long while get rid of the dreadful idea of her appearance as I saw her then.

In the morning—a beautiful bright morning—we saw the fine gorgeous coast quite clear. But, to my astonishment, there were police in the Spanish dress on the deck talking with the captain, who was very excited. And the English consul was there too. The passengers were all gathered on the deck, and whispering.

At last the captain went down and two of the officers. He came up in a moment with a wild, scared face.

She was in her cabin; but it was fast locked. No one had seen her. No one could see her, or ever did see her again. That deadly look given to Mr. Colter proved to be the last look she gave to mortal man. When the anxious captain had at last her cabin door forced, she was found lying in her berth quite dead and cold; and the ship's doctor pronounced that she had died of poison.

When the English newspapers got out to the Brazils, we all heard of the dreadful Chatham murder of a young officer who had married a half French milliner against the wishes of his family.

The murderess, the papers said, had got away—it was believed in a Brazilian packet—but hoped, according to their favorite phrase, that "the officers of justice would soon be on her track."

Mr. Colter made the return voyage successfully, and much improved in his health, and is now the well-known Sergeant Colter, who stands next for Solicitor-General.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WANTED A DISCHARGE.—A contemporary opens a grave article on explosives with the following words: "We have had a committee sitting for several years on 'Gun Cotton.'" Well, all we can say is that, considering the material, we wonder they haven't long ago furnished a report.

NATIVE WIT.—Brown, being advised for the benefit of his palate to taste an oyster roasted in a thin slice of bacon, passed a sleepless night in trying to concoct a feeble joke about the oddity of putting the spat upon the spit.

Why is electricity like the police when they are wanted?—Because it is an invisible force.

Milton was once asked why he did not teach his daughters foreign languages. "Surely one tongue is enough for a woman!" was his reply.

MYSTIC ENDS OF RIBBON.—Few of the uninitiated know the significance of wearing long ends of ribbon round the neck, and for their benefit we make the following statement: When they wear the ends hanging in front, it means "the lady is married;" over the right shoulder, that "she is engaged;" over the left shoulder, that "she has a fellow coming to see her, but isn't engaged;" and down the back it means "boys, come follow me." If she don't wear any at all, it means she "is engaged," and don't wish to have any thing to do with "any other fellow."

"Why did Joseph's brethren cast him into the Pit?"—"Because they didn't want him in the Family Circle."

General Nye says "Congress may be able to reconstruct the Southern States, but neither they nor the devil will ever be able to reconstruct the women: they are perfectly *awful*."

A gentleman who takes the morning journals, and whose attention is apt to be monopolized by them, remonstrated one day with his wife for coming down to breakfast in curl-papers, when the lady replied, "If you indulge in your papers, I don't see why I shouldn't enjoy mine."

A man advertises for competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine, and adds "that it will be profitable to the undertaker." No doubt of it.

A traveler, relating his experiences in the East Indies, alluded to the great number of servants employed by gentlemen in that country. "For to take care of my pipe," said he, "I had four servants." "Is it possible?" "Yes, it was the duty of the first to bring me the pipe; the second filled it; the third lighted it." "And what did the fourth do?" "The fourth smoked it—I never could bear tobacco myself."

Our incomes should be like our shoes. If too small, they gall and pinch us; but, if too large, they will cause us to stumble and to trip.

A locomotive on a Western railroad has been adorned with the title, "I still live." That is more than many of the passengers can say at the end of their journey.

It is vain to stick your finger in the water, and, pulling it out, look for a hole; and equally vain to suppose that, however large a space you occupy, the world will miss you when you die.

Why is a horse like the letter O?—Because G makes it go. And what is the difference between this conundrum and my aunt who squints?—One is a query with an answer; the other is an aunt, Sir, with a *queer eye*.

A WEDDING FEE.—"Many and many a year ago"—how many deponent saith not—a youthful couple appeared at the gateway of the parsonage in a town not a hundred miles from Harvard. Mounted on a sober nag, they also claimed companionship with a bag, evidently filled with, to them, some valuable commodity. Dismounting, the gallant youth left his lady and the bag, and proceeded up the avenue of elms leading to the pastor's door, and entered the mansion. Soon reappearing, he waved his hand to the waiting damsel, at the same time calling, in stentorian tones, "Come along—he says he'll take the beans!" Guiding the steed to the door, the lady was received by her would-be lord, and soon "the twain were made one flesh," and the minister was left in possession of a goodly supply of beans.

BOARDING-HOUSE DIALOGUE.—"Your milk does not pay any income-tax, I suppose, Mrs. Skinpenny?" "Why not, Sir?" "I shouldn't think it was rich enough."

SHAKSPEARE POPULARIZED.

"All's well that ends well," as the gentleman said when he wrote the postscript to his letter.

"Measure for measure," as the chemist said when he took a bad sixpence for a blank draught.

"As you like it," as the servant said when he drank his master's grog.

"A winter's tale," as the churchwarden said when the pauper asked for some coals.

What is the difference between homicide and pig-stealing?—One is assault with intent to kill; the other, kill with intent to salt.

MUSICAL CATECHISM.

What is a rest?—Going out of the choir for refreshments during sermon time.

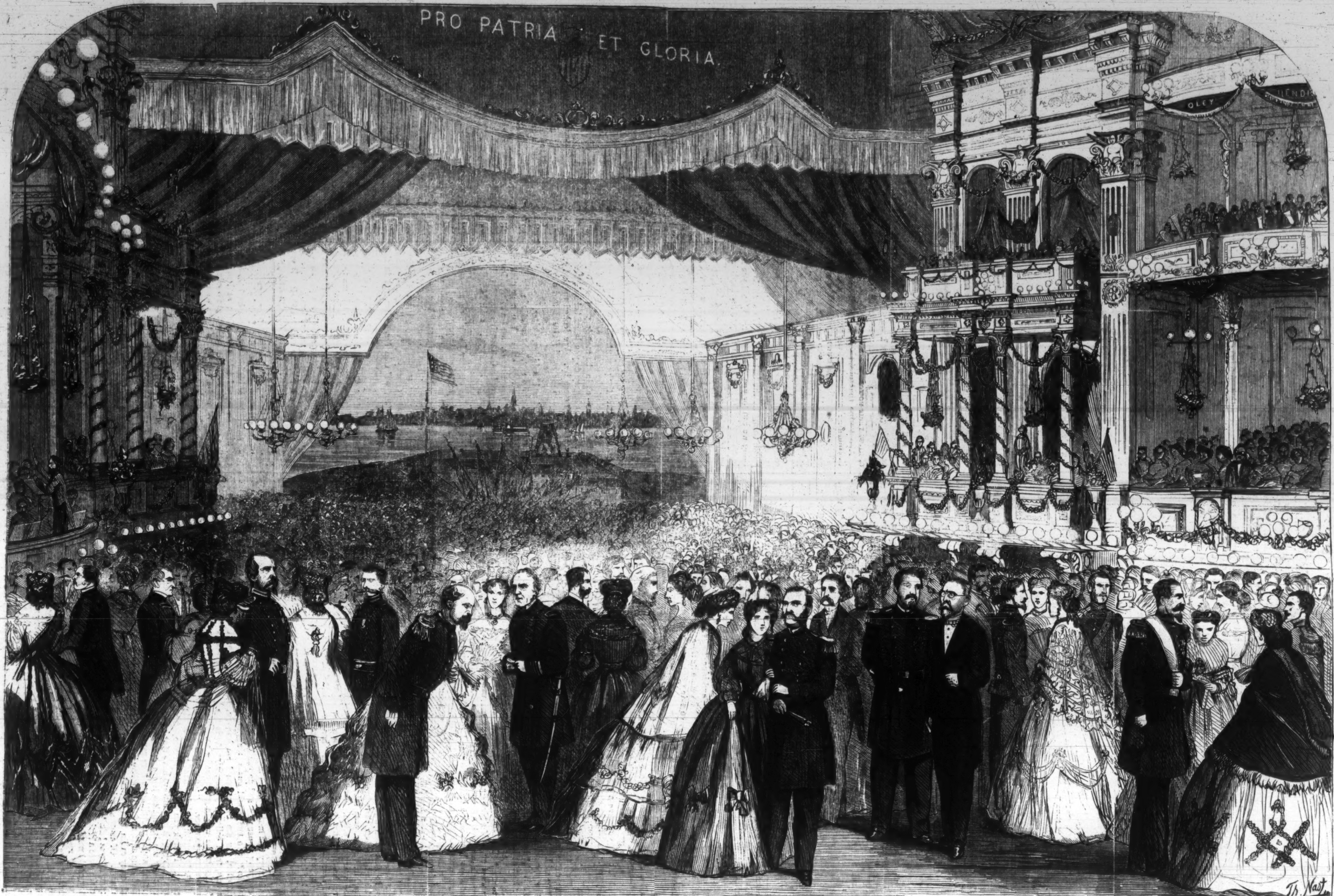
What is called singing with "an understanding?"—Marking time on the floor with your foot.

What is a staccato movement?—Leaving the choir in a huff because one is dissatisfied with the leader.

What is a swell?—A professor of music who pretends to know every thing about the science, while he can not conceal his ignorance.

Miss Thompson says that every unmarried lady of sixty may consider that she has passed the Cape of Good Hope.

"Working for Bare Life" is defined to be making clothes for a new baby.


PRO PATRIA ET GLORIA
Th. Nast

GRAND RECEPTION—GIVEN BY THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, JANUARY 31, 1866, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 110.]

THE REV. DR. NOTT.

The Rev. Dr. Eliphalet Nott, whose death occurred on the morning of January 29, was the veteran among American divines. He had nearly reached the end of his ninety-third year when he died. His life was more than coeval with that of the republic. Born in the midst of the exciting events which heralded our first Revolution, he lived to see the close of its second—a revolution more momentous than that of '76.

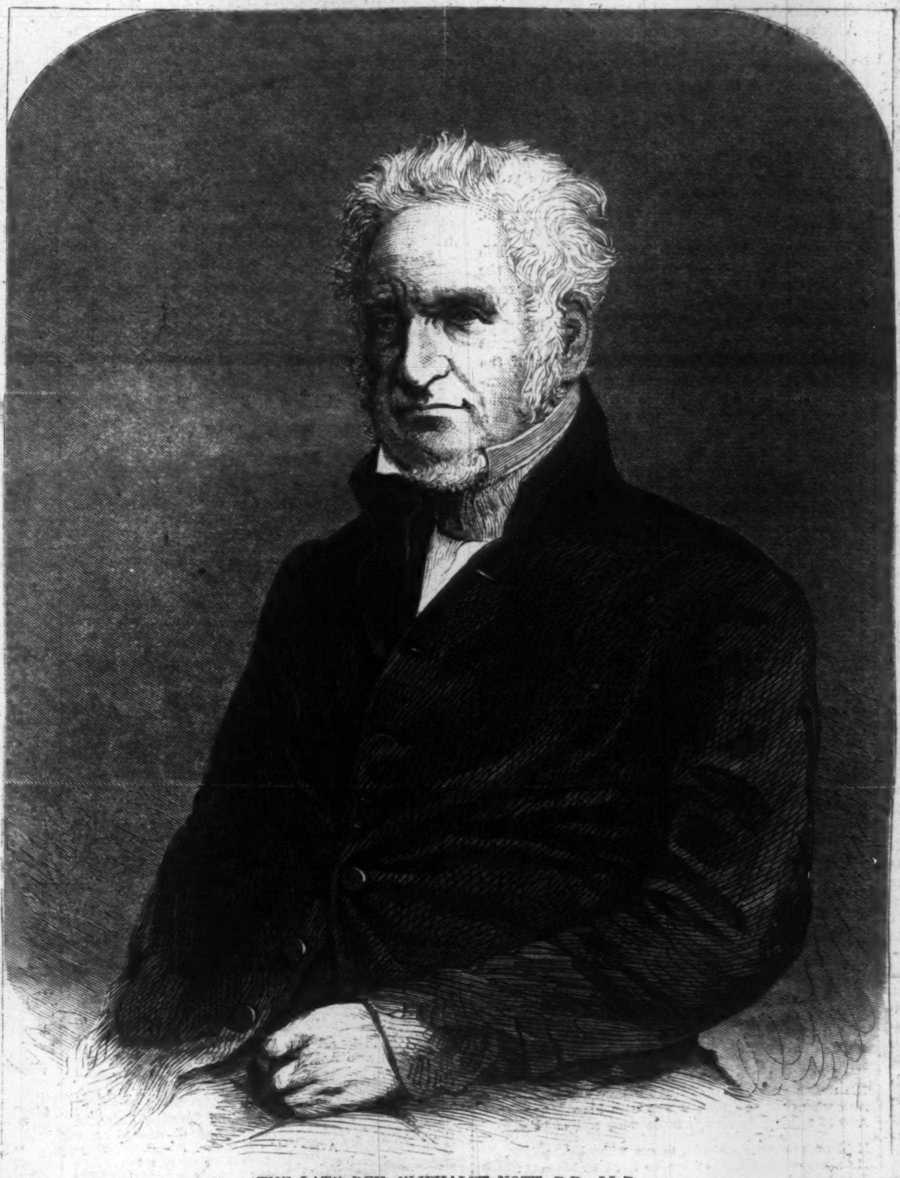
Dr. Nott was born June 25, 1773. For almost two-thirds of a century he held the position in which he died—the Presidency of Union College. He was born of English ancestry. His father, a merchant, had been unfortunate in business, and was unable to give his son the advantages which at an earlier time he might have done. His mother, a woman of fine culture, exercised a great influence over his first intellectual training, and her discipline created in him an ardent desire to pursue his studies to the utmost practicable extent. While still a boy his brother, the Rev. Samuel Nott, of Franklin, Connecticut, adopted him as a member of his own family, and taught him the elements of Greek and Latin. At the age of sixteen he took charge of a school in Plainfield, where he received much aid and encouragement from one of the most learned divines of that day, the Rev. Dr. Joel Benedict. In his twentieth year he entered Brown University, and, after being connected with that institution for the brief period of six weeks, graduated with the honor of the first degree in the arts.

Returning to Plainfield he commenced to study for the ministry under Dr. Benedict, teaching school at the same time. In his twenty-fourth year he was licensed to preach. In 1798, one year later, he accepted a call from the First Presbyterian Church of Albany, where his ministry was very popular, and in every way a memorable success. His celebrated sermon, in 1804, on the death of Hamilton, who was a personal friend of the young clergyman, has long ranked among the best specimens of pulpit eloquence in this country.

The same year in which this sermon was delivered, and while Nott was only thirty-one years of age, he was invited to assume the Presidency of Union College, an institution which had had a corporate existence for less than a decade, and was yet struggling to maintain itself. Dr. Jonathan Edwards had been the second President; Dr. Nott was the fourth. Up to this time the whole number of graduates for nine years had been only 63. The College had no library or philosophical apparatus, and was embarrassed with debt. "Some forty students," Dr. Nott himself says in an address fifty years afterward, "scattered over the then village of Schenectady, meeting for educational purposes in what was then a cabinet-maker's shop, with a single professor, was the whole of Union College." He bent himself to the work of removing all these disabilities and providing for these pressing needs. The State had as yet made no available appropriation, but through his energetic and persistent efforts a law was passed, in 1814, which may safely be said to have laid the foundation of the success of the institution. By this act, granting also liberal assistance to Hamilton and Columbia Colleges, Union College was to receive $200,000, to be appropriated to the payment of its debts, to the purchase of a library and apparatus, and to the erection of college edifices, etc.

From this time the College progressed rapidly. Dr. Nott has himself been the most munificent benefactor to the institution.—Through his direct bounty the College will realize over half a million of dollars. Dr. Nott had acquired a fortune through valuable inventions which he had contributed to society—among which was that of the first anthracite coal stove ever used in this country—and the College reaped a large harvest from his success.

To the last of his long life Dr. Nott retained a very large proportion of the vigor and enthusiasm which had characterized his early career. It was not until September, 1860, that he ceased to appear in the lecture-room. In 1862 he presided at the annual Commencement of the College. Since then his decline has been gradual, and death came to him as winter follows upon autumn, after the rich and abundant harvest of life had been fully reaped.



THE LATE REV. ELIPHALET NOTT, D.D., LL.D.

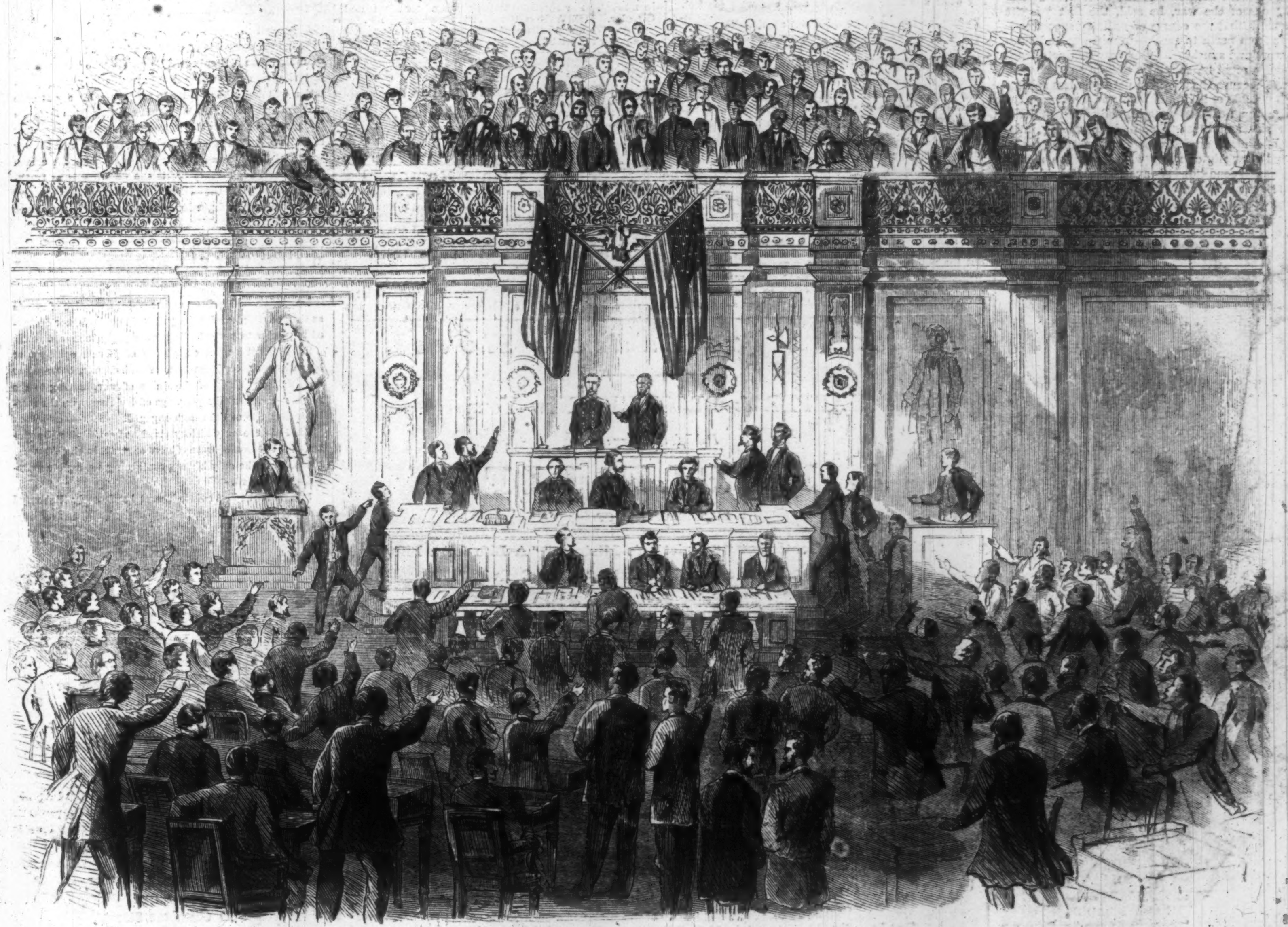
GEN. SHERMAN'S RECEPTION IN THE HOUSE.

We illustrate on this page the scene in the House of Representatives on the occasion of General Sherman's reception by that body January 29. All business was suspended. The Speaker invited the General to the desk, where he was greeted with an outburst of applause such as has been rarely witnessed on that floor. The Speaker made the following address:

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives—I have the honor of introducing to you this day, by your unanimous order, Major-General Sherman, so well known to you and to the whole civilized world as one of our most gallant and heroic defenders in the contest for the Union which has so happily closed. Of the brilliancy of his achievements for our beloved country—imperiled but, thank God, preserved—I need not speak to you, as I know they will live forever in the gratitude of every heart."

To which the General replied:

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives—I am more accustomed to cheering such as has been given by you than to pitching my voice to reach all parts of this room, which I never entered before



GENERAL SHERMAN'S RECEPTION IN THE UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JANUARY 29, 1866.—[Sketched by A. M'Callum.]

save in those galleries. I can simply say I thank you from my heart for the reception you have given me. I hope I may continue to deserve the good wishes you express, and I shall endeavor to do all I can to that end."

General SHERMAN, after being introduced by the Speaker to the members thronging around him, retired to a seat in the back part of the House, where he listened with great attention to Mr. RAYMOND'S able speech on reconstruction. He is said afterward to have, in a private conversation, cordially indorsed the sentiments uttered by Mr. RAYMOND.

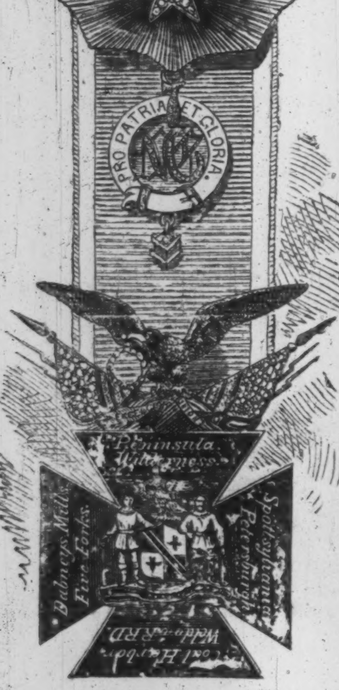
RECEPTION OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

We illustrate on page 108 the grand reception given on the evening of January 31 by the Seventh Regiment, National Guard, in this city. The Academy of Music and Irving Hall were connected together, thus forming one immense edifice for the occasion. The Academy was profusely decorated with flowers and drapery. Along the balusters of the first tier, on the red field of drapery, were inscribed the names of those members of the regiment who rose to the higher ranks of the army during their term of service. Among these names were those of Generals GANSEVOORT, JARDINE, DURYEA, MOLINEUX, GURNEY, SHALER, and M'NEILL. The balusters of the second tier were twined with evergreen and hung with white and gold drapery, relieved with touches of pink. Rustic baskets of flowers were placed here and there, overshadowing the snowy ground-work of the festoons, each panel of which bore the name of a soldier or a hero. On the third tier deep blue and gold and silver drapery, with white lettering, and knapsacks and flags were used with good effect.

Conspicuous on the stage was a scenic painting representing Fort Federal Hill, occupied by the regiment in 1862, with a view of Baltimore in the back-ground. Irving Hall was used as a banquet saloon.

The principal feature of the evening's entertainment was the address delivered by Major-General JOHN A. DIX. He recounted the valuable services rendered by the Seventh Regiment at an early stage of the war, and again in 1862 and 1863, and their conduct in the great riot in New York city. The crowning glory of the regiment, he said, was the large number of officers it had furnished to other organizations. "I hold in my hand," he said, "a roll of five hundred and fifty-seven members of your regiment who received commissions in the army, the navy, or the volunteer service. Nine-tenths of the number were serving with the regiment when the war broke out. Three rose to the rank of Major-General, nineteen to the rank of Brigadier-General, twenty-nine to the rank of Colonel, and forty-six to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Many whose names are on this roll of honor are sleeping in soldiers' graves. Others are moving about with mutilated limbs and with frames scarred by honorable wounds, the silent but expressive memorials of faithful and heroic service."

General DIX then reviewed the momentous events connected with the close of the war. As among the lessons of the war, he said, the first "is the great truth that the course of military successes is always from north to south—from frosts and snow to flowers and sunshine. Our very instincts teach us that it must be so, and all history confirms it. It is not because the southern nature is less spirited or less capable of high and heroic achievement, but because the northern muscle, elaborated under a colder sky and through more invigorating influences of climate, acquires more compactness, tenacity, and strength, carrying with it (for the mental and physical conditions always assimilate) a greater moral power of endurance. Southern races are, for the most part, precipitate, impassioned, fiery, vehement, sometimes breaking down all opposition by force of their resistless impetuosity. Northern races, on the other hand, are calm, deliberate, persistent, determined, and as immovable as a rock against which wind and storm are idly expending their fury." The political tone of the latter portion of his speech was conservative. He advocated forbearance even in the assertion of our undeniable rights.



THE FIFTH CORPS BADGE,
PRESENTED TO GEN. BOWERMAN BY THE 7TH REGIMENT.

At the conclusion of this address the floor was cleared for the dance, and hundreds of couples took their positions, and executed quadrilles, polkas, galops, and valses until midnight. Among the prominent guests present at the reception were Generals BARLOW, "Baldy" SMITH, ANDERSON, HAZEN, and FOSTER.

We give on this page a representation of the Fifth Corps' badge presented on the evening before the ball to General R. N. BOWERMAN by his old comrades of 7th G Company, Seventh Regiment. It was manufactured by Messrs. D. AUSTIN & SON, of this city, and is a Maltese cross of solid 18-carat gold, having on its face the coat-of-arms of the State of Maryland, surmounted by the national emblems, suspended to which by a white ribbon is the Seventh Regiment badge, the whole attached to a gold keeper, in the centre of which is a Brigadier-General's star set in brilliants.

General BOWERMAN, a native of Maryland, had been in business in this city for some years previous to the rebellion, at the commencement of which he was a Corporal in the Seventh, and as such served with them in the campaign of '61. On their return from Washington, on the recommendation of his Captain, he was commissioned First Lieutenant in the Eleventh New York Regiment, "Ellsworth's Zouaves." He fought at Bull Run, and was, in 1862, appointed Captain, but thrown out of commission by the disbandment of his regiment. He fought with the Seventy-Third New York, without rank or pay, in the hard battles of the Peninsular campaign. In the Wilderness he fought with the rank of Colonel, and when General DENISON was wounded he took the place of the latter at the head of the Maryland Brigade. This brigade had become attached to the Fifth Corps. August 24, 1864, he received a wound in the attack on the Weldon Railroad. In the battle of "Five Forks" he was again wounded. His brigade in that battle captured 1700 prisoners, of which his own regiment took 400. He retired from the service with the rank of Brigadier-General, and was appointed Deputy-collector of the port of Baltimore.

THE SINGULAR MAN.

THERE was a young man, you may think very strange,
But sometime or other a little deranged;
And if it be true, then as I have been told,
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.

His face was the oddest that ever was known,
His mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his chin.
And whenever he spoke, it was with his voice,
And in talking he always made some sort of noise.

He'd an arm on each side, to use when he'd please,
He never worked hard, when he lived at his ease;
Two legs he had got to make him complete,
But what was *most* strange, at each end were his feet.

His legs, as folks say, he could use at his will,
And when he was walking, he never stood still;
If you had but seen him, you'd laugh till you burst,
For one leg or t'other would always go first.

Another strange thing as e'er I did meet,
Was when he was hungry he always did eat;
He drank when he was dry, and then, if you'd note,
Whatever he drank always went down his throat.

If this whimsical fellow had a river to cross,
If he couldn't get over, he staid where he was;
And though he ne'er went off the dry ground,
So great was his luck that he never was drown'd.

Another strange thing about him I'll tell,
For when he was sick he was always unwell;
He gave a deep sigh, then oped his mouth wide,
And somehow or other this odd fellow died.

But the reason he died, and the cause of his death,
Was simply, poor soul, for the want of more breath;
And now he is left in the cold earth to moulder,
If he had lived a day longer, he'd have been a day older.

THE PEOPLE'S HISTORIAN.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, the great American authoress and talented writer of popular romance, has completed the second volume of her Pictorial History of the War. It is published by Mr. B. W. HITCHCOCK, whose advertisement appears in another column. His reasons why this work excels all others are especially commended to our readers' attention.—*Communicated.*

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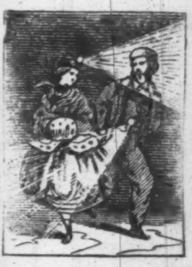

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